Week ending August 2 1952
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Ornery ornithologist becomes an early bird

Poor Aunt Gertrude. Once, she knew the habits of countless birds in the bush, but, lately, she's done nothing but grouse. "Cuckoo," I said. "How are our feathered friends?"

"*In sanctuary, as far as I'm concerned,*" *cawed Aunt G.* "*I've lost me enthusiasm for watchin'. When you're constipated like me you don't feel like clickin' a candid camera at a Common Sandpiper. It can do its pipin' in peace.*"

"Your piping," I said, "is obviously at war."

"*Eh?*" *squawked Aunt G.*

"I'm referring," I said, "to the 30-ft. length of piping you have in your inside, which everything you eat has to go through. But all these starchy foods we eat now don't give your intestinal muscles anything to get hold of. With those muscles not working properly, your system gets the bird."

"*What bird?*" *quailed Aunt G.*

"The Red-eyed Crosspatch!" I said. "Genus Colon in Extremis. In other words, you get constipated. I can see that I shall have to introduce you to *bulk*."

"*To* what?" *croaked Aunt G.*

"To wit," I said, "Kellogg's All-Bran. If you have a little for breakfast every day, it'll give those muscles of yours the *bulk* they need, and get you 'regular' in a few days."

"*Oh, for the wings of a dove,*" *cried Aunt G., and flew.*

The next time I saw her, Aunt G. was looking as if she'd just discovered a Dodo. "Well!" I chirruped. "You *are* in fine feather."

"*I'm feelin' marvellous,*" *cooed Aunt G.* "*That All-Bran made me 'regular' in four days. Who told* you *about it?*"

"A little bird," I said.

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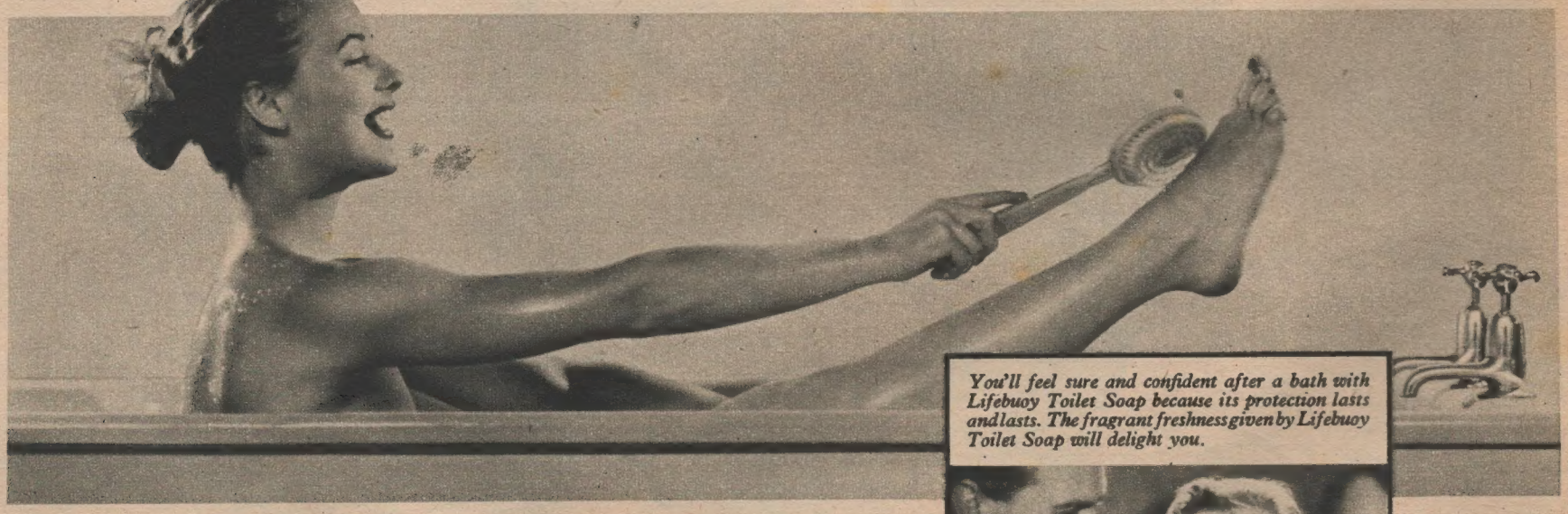

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Patients in waiting

WHILE THE DOCTORS argue with the Government about how they are to be paid under the National Health Service, the patients—for whose aid the whole thing was designed—still stand in queues.

Waiting for attention, either at the hospital or the doctor's surgery has become the main grumble with the Health Service.

But there is some hope that the queues may soon be shorter.

A working party made up of B.M.A. representatives and Ministry of Health officials has reported on how best to pay out the extra £10,000,000 granted to the doctors under the recent Danckwerts award.

ONE doctor may at present take on 4,000 Health Service patients. This number, says the working party, should be reduced by 500, and the total for assistants from 2,400 to 2,000.

These are maximum figures, and many people believe they are still too large. The working party meets this objection with a sensible proposal to arrange payment so that doctors get less money for each patient above a total of 1,500.

The aim is to discourage doctors from accumulating over-large practices and to get the potential patients spread out more evenly.

"The new recommendations should provide a better service for the public," says Dr. D. P. Stevenson of the British Medical Association.

The doctors were not slow to approve. But meanwhile the evils of waiting go on.

THE biggest queues and the longest waits are in the out-patient departments of the large hospitals. How many millions of man-hours are wasted there, nobody knows.

A few hospitals run an appointments system that works well. Others have so-called systems that don't seem to work at all. And most hospitals don't even try.

If a patient sees a specialist in Harley Street the appointment is at a fixed time, with practically no waiting. At a nearby hospital the same patient may have to wait several hours to see exactly the same specialist about the same lump, bump, or pain in the neck.

What's the difference and why the wait?

Because at the hospital there are many more patients and there are nothing like the number of competent secretaries that live up to Harley Street standards. Secretaries there may be, and they may be very good, but there are not nearly enough of them.

GENERAL practitioners are good at keeping people away from hospitals if they have themselves the facilities for investigations which were to be a part of the promised health centres.

Health centres with diagnostic facilities staffed by G.P.s with smaller practices would cut down the hospital queues.

At the hospitals more and better secretaries—for the doctors and not the bureaucrats—would save the valuable time of both specialists and patients.

For, with the right secretarial and clerical help, it should be easy to find out the kind of appointments system that works best in each hospital.

HEALTH centres cost money and so do secretaries, and the National Health Service is already costing more than £400,000,000.

This cost does not include the present-day wasted hours of frustration and delay. It cannot include the damage done to patients with cancer and tuberculosis who may have had to wait up to a month for an appointment for an examination.

It looks as if the problem will be fully solved only by energy and foresight—and the expenditure of some more money. But the latest plans should help.

After Parliament's approval the great need is to put them into operation rapidly—for thus at least a start will be made in cutting down this wasteful and dangerous business of waiting!

THIS WEEK'S COVER

BELGIAN artist Fred Laurent painted this cover after a visit to a fair at Eastbourne, where he now lives with his English wife. Coconut-shies are a novelty to him. At fairs in his native Brussels they are unknown. Instead there are stalls rigged up as kitchens, with pots, pans, bottles and all the crockery. The idea is to shy wooden balls, smash up the kitchen, and win a prize. It's great fun, he says, especially for a housewife.

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Free Speech

Spoiling the traditional village fête

IN THE COURSE of my work, I have occasion to visit many village festivals, fêtes and carnivals and I am dismayed to find that even these rural events are being spoiled by commercialization. At one fête held in Cheshire, the principal attraction was a strip-tease show; and I know two men who are labourers during the rest of the week, and who make a profitable sideline out of visiting fêtes on Saturdays and selling inferior photographs at extortionate prices.

The organizers, in many cases, do not seem to care. They, themselves, are willing to keep the money rolling in by selling often inadequate and misleading programmes at any price up to a shilling each. In some areas, the fête is used as a vote-catching device by local councillors. The traditional village festival is turning into a nauseating affair. — BERNARD F. CLARKE, 76 Alan Street, Northwich, Cheshire.

Laughing Wine

DAVID CLAYTON'S story of the wine that made Mrs. Fisher laugh for five hours (JOHN BULL, July 5), reminds me of a half-bottle of white wine my wife and I drank on one of the Lake Geneva boats. It looked so innocent, and tasted so light, that we finished the bottle in a few minutes. Then, for no reason at all, my wife began to giggle. I told her to behave herself, but very soon I was laughing as well. We laughed all the way to Montreux, and were still laughing when we sat down to dinner—at our teetotal hotel.—NICHOLAS REES, Lincoln.

Energetic Cooks

WE are always hearing that British women are lazy cooks, compared with Continental housewives. But I have felt doubtful of this since my son, who is spending two years in France, wrote asking me for a recipe for marmalade, as his landlady had promised to make some for him. Realizing that making

marmalade might be difficult for someone who was trying it for the first time, I wrote out the recipe, giving full instructions, stage by stage. In due course, my son wrote to say that his French landlady had been astonished that English women were prepared to take so much trouble over cooking anything, as it was more than she would undertake.—MRS. DOROTHY SPENCER, Walkern, Stevenage, Herts.

Preacher's Reward

AS a Methodist local preacher, I cannot agree with your correspondent who suggested ("Free Speech," July 12) that congregations should show their appreciation of a sermon by clapping. The only appreciation, if it can be called such, that the preacher hopes to receive is the knowledge that his sermon has had an effect upon other people's lives. —L. MEANWELL, 40 Main Street, Long Lawford, Rugby.

. . . At the Longton Central Hall Brotherhood, held in Stoke-on-Trent each Sunday afternoon, we make a practice of clapping the visiting minister, before and after his sermon. These signs of pleasure are always appreciated.—J. E. C., Stoke-on-Trent.

. . . An inspiring sermon deserves some appreciation. What better way of expressing it than by putting something extra in the offertory plate?—MRS. L. E. WILLIAMS, 47 Charles Street, Tonypandy, Glamorgan.

Making Things Worse

PEOPLE'S stupidity in handling accident cases is appalling. As an ambulance driver, I am dismayed to find how often, after an accident, simple fractures are turned into vicious compound fractures by ignorant handling. Apart from the increased shock and the unnecessary pain, the time needed for recovery may be doubled or trebled. It is an amazing thing that if anyone falls and, for example, breaks a leg, the first thing that happens is that he is "helped" up. In one recent case, a patient with a broken leg was sat on a chair and the leg was supported by the heel being placed on another chair, with the result that the broken bone punctured the skin. There are three simple rules in case of accident: Do not move the patient; keep the patient warm; and send for an ambulance.—W. JANSCH, 37 Craigour Avenue, Gilmorton, Edinburgh.

Chianti Down The Mine

ONE unexpected result of British and Italian miners working together in some of our pits has been that British

families have discovered that wine is a pleasant change from beer. The Italians take flasks of Chianti to work and drink it when they have a break for food. Some of their British friends have tried it and liked it so much that they are now drinking wine themselves—though they do not take it to work. They still take cold tea down the pit but drink wine at home with their families—G. FERGUSON, Milton, Markinch, Fife.

Two Less Than One

FOR five days a week, I am working as a teacher. In the evenings and at weekends, I run a home for my daughter, who is wholly dependent on me. Yet because women have not yet been granted equal pay, I receive for my two jobs less than a male teacher receives for one.—MRS. M. J. WOODHEAD, 4 Derwent Square, Liverpool.

Nowhere To Train

WHEN our Olympic athletes are being given so much support, it is annoying to discover how little encouragement is given to young boys and girls in their efforts to train for athletics. My son and some of his friends have become keen runners after attending some lectures by Geoff Dyson. But during school holidays they find that the school's grounds are closed to them and local factories to which they have applied have said that their grounds are for the use of employees only. They wrote asking to be allowed to use the local police sports ground but this, too, was refused. Cannot something be done for the hundreds of young enthusiasts like them? — MRS. S. WEBSTER, Stoke-on-Trent.

. . . That there are no young and outstanding British tennis players is due mainly to the shortage and high price of tennis courts. In my own town, the hard courts (of which there are only twenty for 60,000 people) cost 3s. 6d. an hour. Young players cannot afford adequate practice.—E. R., Cheltenham.

Unreported Damage

HAVING recently had the front gate of my home badly damaged by some heavy motor vehicle, while I was away for a few hours, I have been astonished to learn that the law does not require motorists to report damage to property for which they are responsible. While it is a punishable offence not to report accidents involving vehicles, people or animals, it seems that a motor vehicle driver can cause damage to other property and get away scot free, unless he is actually caught in the act.—C. FOALE, Meadowcroft, Wembury Road, Ebburton, Plymouth.

ONE OF OUR SUBMARINES

The first record of our submarine service at war, told by an ace commander begins in John Bull August 16

Better On The Buses

ONE job which men really do much better than women is conducting a bus. Women have not the temperament to put up with facetious talk and exasperating inquiries. They get irritable and annoyed. Listen to a clippie shouting: "Move along there, please!" She sounds a veritable battle-axe. But listen to a conductor shouting the same thing. There is a touch of humour and pleasantry in his voice, however tired he may be.—MRS. R. M., York.

Ted Ray's Boyhood

LIVERPOOL people are very proud of Ted Ray, and I was delighted to begin reading his life story, which seemed to radiate his pert ebullience. Though he reveals that he was born in Wigan, he grew from boyhood to manhood in Liverpool. Probably no other district can equal Merseyside in the wealth of talent produced for the entertainment world: the late Tommy Handley and Billy Bennett; Arthur Askey and Robb Wilton; Anne Zeigler, Avril Angers, Beryl Orde and Lita Roza; as well as Rex Harrison and the late Leslie Banks.—J. M., Liverpool.

Ted Ray, aged ten

. . . Of particular interest was Ted Ray's reference to the Slip Inn in Manchester, one of several hostelries in the locality which have cradled, besides Ray's father, many other famous comedians such as Wilkie Bard and Jack Pleasants. These inns (including the "Slip") were practically all wiped out during the last war. During the late twenties Ted Ray appeared at both the Manchester Palace Theatre and the Manchester Hippodrome. For a long time, his name on the playbills could only be read "through strong lenses on a clear day." All the same, many of us were convinced that he would go a long way.—ARTHUR DELVES, 60 Manley Road, Whalley Range, Manchester.

This week's instalment of Ted Ray's autobiography begins on page 14.

New Look At Work

AS the standard of education required for what used to be quite minor jobs gets higher and higher, and more and more ordinary people acquire degrees, it seems that the day is approaching when the manual worker will be something of a novelty. Perhaps we shall one day see advertisements like this: "Wanted: private secretary (M.A. essential) to attend to very heavy correspondence of working navvy and mate."—CYRIL PARRY, The Crest, Pentyla, Port Talbot, Glamorgan.

Vanishing Witnesses

RECENTLY, I was a passenger in a motor coach which was involved in a collision at a cross roads. Fortunately, no one was seriously hurt but there were several eye witnesses among the pedestrians who happened to be passing. The police were soon on the scene but could not get any witnesses to come forward. As soon as they made their request, bystanders melted away, and two youths actually took to their heels. Why this reluctance?—WILLIAM TYAS, 1 Ashlands Avenue, Moston, Manchester.

Not Forgotten

HARRY HOPKINS'S report from Macassar (JOHN BULL, June 21) made me think that if he could have stood on the ramparts there between 1942 and 1945, he would not have thought it a pleasant, rather sleepy little place. For more than three years, it was a Jap hellhole for prisoners from H.M.S. *Exeter, Encounter* and *Stronghold*. There are nearly 150 men from *Exeter* buried in the graveyard outside the town, but Harry Hopkins makes no mention of the graves. Has Macassar forgotten us? —A. R. IONISTHORPE, 46 Bracken Bank Grove, Keighley, Yorks.

Harry Hopkins writes: I did visit the large and well-maintained Imperial War Graves cemetery outside Macassar. Most of the dead buried there are Australians but there are also some British naval men. I was in the company of a member of the British Embassy staff in Djakarta, who was reporting on the condition of the cemetery. The men buried there are not forgotten.

Turning Straight On

RECENTLY, I was on traffic duty at a busy road junction, where the traffic lights had temporarily failed. I noticed that, many times during the afternoon, cars which had approached with indicators out, showing that they wished to turn right or left, went straight over the crossing after I had signalled them on. In each case, I called back the driver for an explanation and was told, apologetically, that he or she had forgotten that the indicator was still out. One even suggested that the warm weather was causing the signal arm to stick, which may have been true for all I know. Fortunately, no accidents resulted from these incidents but such inaccurate signals could be very dangerous and, in the interests of road safety, traffic indicators should be made foolproof or banned altogether. —POLICEMAN, Wallasey, Cheshire.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

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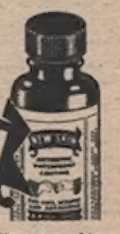

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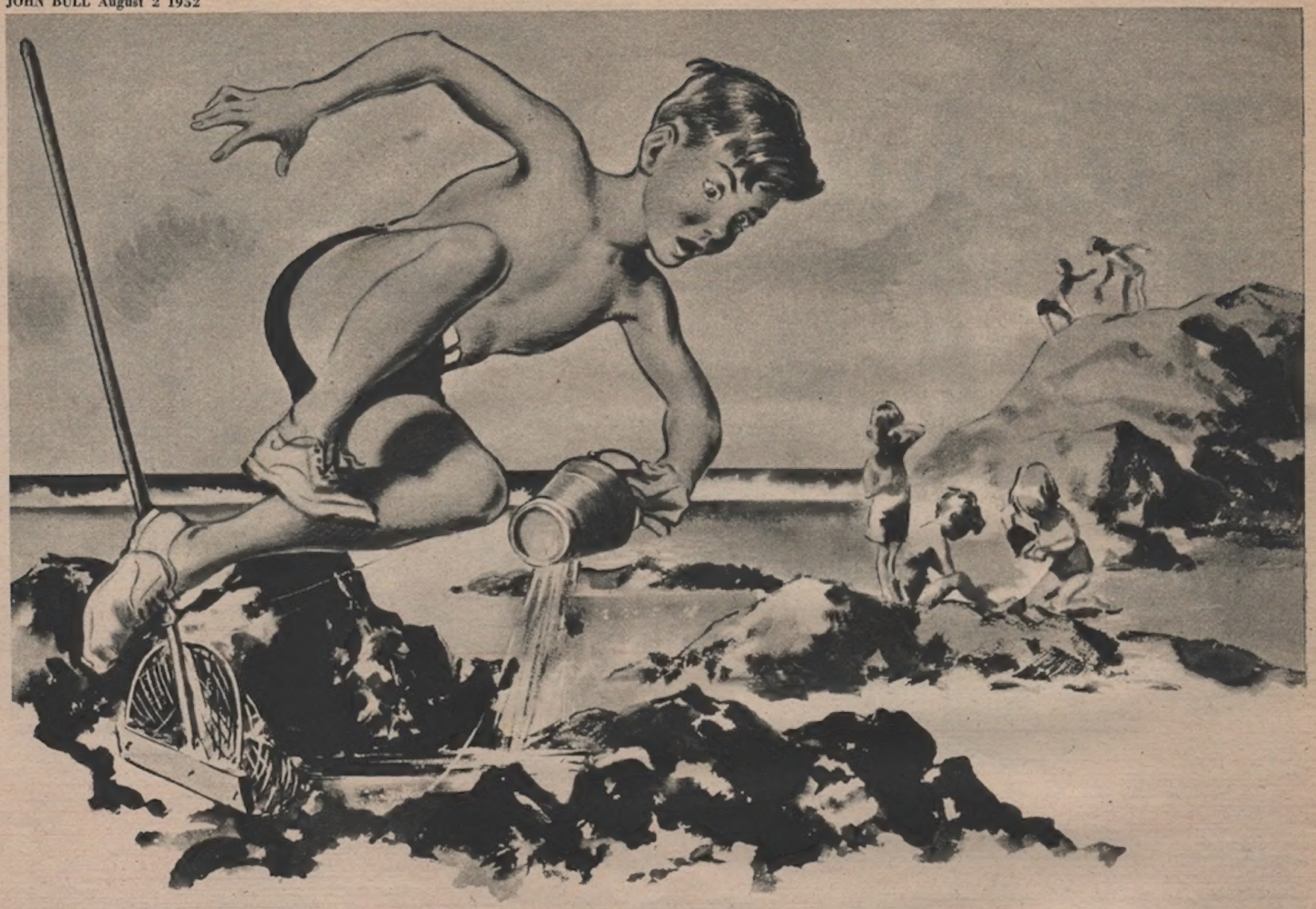

–good thing we've got some Elastoplast with us!

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QUICK QUIZ

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2. Boil Dressings.
3. Waterproof Patchettes.
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IT'S ELASTOPLAST-ICITY YOU WANT IN FIRST AID

She stood in Trafalgar Square. Here were the irreplaceable things she would have to sacrifice if she left England. Could she bear to do it?

The Far Country

by NEVIL SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

It was an agonizing decision; Jennifer had just two days to make it

WHEN JACK AND JANE DORMAN got a wool cheque for over £22,000, they knew that eighteen years of hard work at Leonora sheep station was at last paying off. Their youngest daughter, Angela, was at Melbourne University. They had everything they wanted. It hadn't always been like that.

In 1919, Jane had outraged her family by marrying "out of her class" and going off to Australia with Jack. Only Aunt Ethel, now over eighty, still wrote. The old lady lived alone in London at Ealing, and always seemed touchingly grateful when they sent her food parcels. But her last letter made Jane uneasy. It seemed almost as if she was seriously short of money. On an impulse, Jane risked offending her and sent the old lady £500.

In her letters, Ethel Trehearn sometimes mentioned her granddaughter, Jennifer Morton. Jennifer, Jane gathered, was twenty-four, had come to London from Leicester, where her father, Edward Morton, was an overworked doctor with an ailing wife. She lived in digs, had a job with a Government department and was the only member of the family who visited the old lady regularly. She was doing so on the day Jane Dorman's £500 cheque arrived.

Jennifer was shocked to find her grandmother unconscious, and the house almost bare of furniture and food. Conferring with the district nurse and the doctor, she learnt to her horror that the old lady was dying—of malnutrition.

Regaining consciousness, Ethel Trehearn learned of the cheque, and began to whisper feebly. Girls nowadays didn't get a chance to live as they should. . . . Jennifer must take £400 of the money, and go to Australia to make a fresh start . . . and to visit dear Jane.

An hour later, the old lady was dead.

PART 2

Four Hundred Pounds

JENNIFER MORTON'S father came down to Ealing alone the next day. Her mother had made arrangements to come with him, but she was coughing a good deal and seemed far

from well. "I'm very sorry you had this alone, Jenny," he said. "I'm very sorry indeed."

"That's all right, Daddy," she said. "It's a good thing I was working in London."

He glanced around the drawing-room. "We never dreamed that there was anything wrong with her pension, or her money generally. I suppose I should have come to see her more often, and gone into things a bit more."

"She probably wouldn't have told you," the girl said.

He asked her about the practical business of the doctor and the death certificate and the undertaker, and went out to see about these things himself. Jennifer went out to find somewhere for her father and herself to stay that night, and with some difficulty found a private hotel with a couple of bedrooms empty; then she went back to the house to wait for her father. When he came she made him tea, and they sat in the drawing-room among the Burmese relics before an electric radiator while she told him what had happened the night before.

"She insisted on giving me the cheque," she told her father, "and she made me go out and post it to my bank. What ought I to do, Daddy? I'll have to pay it back to the executor, shan't I?"

He shook his head. "Keep it."

"Is that all right?"

"I think so," he said. "Unless she's changed her will, I'm the executor and the whole of the residuary estate goes to your mother. The four hundred pounds is probably yours, legally. But anyway, it doesn't matter."

"Oughtn't it to go back to Aunt Jane?" She paused. "After all, she sent it for Granny, not for me."

He pondered this. "Did you say there was a letter from Jane Dorman?"

She went and fetched it for him from her grandmother's room, and he read it carefully. "I don't think you need give it back," he said. "The intention is quite clear; she says that if your grandmother didn't need it she was to give it to a charity. Well, she doesn't need it, and she's given it to you. It's yours to do what you like with, Jenny."

The girl stared at the hot elements of the fire. "I'm not so sure about that," she said. "I think it's mine to do what Granny liked."

"What do you mean?"

She told him what had passed between them in the last hour of the old life. "She kept saying what a rotten time girls have now, compared with when she was young," she said. "I suppose all old people are like that, that everything was better in their day. And then, it seemed quite definite, she wanted me to go and see Aunt Jane with the money. Go to Australia, I mean."

Her father said thoughtfully: "I see. Do you want to go, Jenny?"

The girl said honestly: "I don't know. I've not had time to think about it. I'd love to travel, of course, and see something of the world. But Granny's world . . . that's gone for ever, surely? Huntin' and shootin' and fishin', and about fifteen servants all calling you Madam. . . . If that's what happens in Australia, I don't want to go there."

"I should be sorry to see you go to Australia, Jenny. You're the only one we've got."

She smiled at him. "Don't worry, Daddy. I can't see myself going."

There was one job that had to be done before they left for the hotel, and that was to gather up all the papers in the house for examination. Edward Morton decided to start on that that evening at the hotel, but when they came to investigate the papers they found a formidable mass of stuff. The drawers of the old lady's bureau, and a sort of tallboy, were crammed full of letters and papers, the relics of a long life thrust into drawers and there forgotten. Insurance policies of 1907 were mixed up with leases of furnished houses rented on some leave in the dim past, and personal letters, and receipts, and cheque-book stubs were everywhere among the mass. They found three suitcases in the house and filled them full of all this paper, and at that there was enough left over to fill another two. Her father said: "I'll go through these tonight, Jenny, and chuck away what it's not necessary to keep. Then perhaps I'll be able to look through the rest of it tomorrow here."

Jennifer hoped that The Poplars private hotel would be complacent about a hundredweight of waste paper in the morning.

They got a taxi from the station and drove to The Poplars and dined together meagrely. Jenny had had two virtually sleepless nights and she could hardly keep her eyes open during the meal. As soon as it was over she said: "Daddy, do you mind if I go up now? I'm practically asleep." He kissed her and wished her good night. Then he went up to his own room and put a shilling in the slot of the gas meter and lit the stove, and pulled a chair up to the little radiants, and opened the first suitcase.

In the white-painted, rather bleak and functional bedroom the pageant of a long life gradually unrolled before him as the heap of torn papers on the floor beside him grew. It was about twenty minutes after he had started that he came upon the cookery book.

It was a small manuscript book. It began in a feminine hand that was strange to him, and about half the recipes in the book were written in that hand; thereafter it had been written in by Ethel Trehearn, first in an unformed, almost childish hand, later maturing into the writing that he knew. On the fly leaf was the inscription:

> For my dear daughter, Ethel, on the happy occasion of her Marriage to Geoffrey Trehearn, from her mother. June 16th, 1893.

How unformed the writing of the bride was in the first entry. . . .

> *Aunt Hester's cake (very good).*
> Take two pounds of Jersey butter, two pounds best castor sugar, ½ gill of caramel, 2½ lb. of flour, 18 eggs, 3 lb. of currants, 3 lb. of sultanas, 1½ lb. of mixed peel, ½ lb. of blanched sweet almonds, the grated rind of two lemons, a small nutmeg, 1 oz. mixed spice, and ½ a pint of brandy.

He ran his eye down the recipe with the tolerant amusement of a doctor, to the final,

> —cover with almond icing and coat with royal and transparent icing. Then pipe with royal icing according to taste.

What a world to live in, and how ill they must have been! His eye ran back to the ingredients. Two pounds of Jersey butter . . . eight weeks' ration for one person. The egg ration for one person for four months. . . . Currants and sultanas in those quantities; mixed peel, that he had not seen for years. Brandy so plentiful that you could put half a pint into a cake, and think nothing of it.

He laid the book down on his knee and stared at the stove. Funny the way that things worked out sometimes. This bride had died of starvation, with nothing to eat but currants and sultanas and candied peel in the end. He wondered, had she thought in these last days of "Aunt Hester's Cake (very good)"?

There was a little bundle of letters tied with ribbon, perhaps love-letters. He hesitated for a moment, thinking to throw them away unread; then he undid them and glanced at the signatures. They were all signed "Jane." He picked one for its embossed letterhead and glanced through it. It was dated March 5, 1919, and it read:

"s.s. *Mooltan.*"
In the Mediterranean.

"My Darling Aunt,

I would have written to post at Gibraltar

Amid the crowd of passengers and friends, Jane

but I've been terribly seasick ever since we left England just like being in a funny story only I didn't think it funny at all. Jack was only sick one day but I was in my bunk for five days, all through the Bay, in a cabin with five other girls all married to Australians and going out like us, all sick together except one. I felt awfully silly and very glad in a way that Jack and I couldn't have a cabin together because it would have been horrid for him with me being sick all the time. However, it seems to be over now and I've been sitting out on the deck in the hot sun for two days and going into the saloon for every meal, and eating like a horse.

"I wanted to write to you before now to thank you for all you have done for us over the last year. I believe you were the only one of the whole family who didn't faint at the idea of me marrying an Australian soldier and who really tried to make Jack feel at home and one of us. I'm sorry in a way that I'm leaving England and going out to live so far away, sorry that I shan't see Father and Mother again for years and years, or perhaps at all. But these last few months haven't been a very happy time as I suppose you know, and though I'm sorry to be leaving everyone and everything I know, I'm glad at the same time, if you know what I mean. I'm glad to be out of all the complications and unpleasantness and able to start fresh in a new place with Jack.

"We're going to have a hard time for the first few years, much harder than if I'd been a good girl and stayed at home and married one of Father's officers, solid bone from the chin upwards. I might have done that if it hadn't been for the war, but two years in the

came straight to her. "It's Jennifer Morton, isn't it?" she smiled. "I knew you right away"

W.A.A.C.s make one different. Jack has been promised a job with a firm called Dalgety which means going round the cattle and sheep stations selling machinery and stuff like that to the farmers in a place called Gippsland; we shan't have much money but he's got a house for us through his uncle in a little market town called Korrumburra somewhere in the depths of the country. I'll write and give you the address as soon as ever I know it; write to me sometimes, because although I'm glad to be going I expect I shall be lonely sometimes and longing for letters.

"I don't know how to thank you for being so sweet to Jack. It meant an awful lot to him to find one of my family who really liked him for himself—besides me, of course. I don't suppose I'll ever be able to do anything for you like you've done for us, like the elephant and the mouse. Only I'd like to call one of our children Ethel if there is a girl. I think I'm in the family way already but I'm not quite sure, so don't tell anybody yet.

"Our very, very dearest love to you and Uncle Geoffrey.

Your affectionate niece,
JANE."

MORTON was tired now. He had barely sorted one of the suitcases, but he was too weary to go on that night; the white bed beckoned him in invitation. He folded the letter carefully and put it with the others of the bundle and re-tied the ribbon. Better to keep that lot, or send them back, perhaps, to Jane Dorman in Australia.

He had never met Jane Dorman and he knew little of her but that she had made an unfortunate marriage with an Australian soldier after the first World War, and had left the country with him, and had never been home since. That was all that he had known about her twelve hours ago; in those hours she had come alive for him, and now she was a real person. She had formed her own life and battled through, and now she had attained a point where she could send £500 to her old aunt to quell a fear for her that he had never felt. Jane Dorman, 12,000 miles away, in her enduring affection had sensed that Ethel Trehearn was ill and short of money. Her daughter, who was his wife, and he, living no more than a hundred miles away from the old lady, had had no idea that anything was wrong.

Jane and Jack Dorman, from her recent letter, had become wealthy people now, far better off than he himself. He could hardly have found 500 shillings for the old lady without selling something. It wasn't that he was extravagant, or Mary, either. In these days, in England and in general practice, the money just wasn't there, and that was all about it.

He got into bed and turned off the light, but sleep did not come easily. He lay uneasily all night, a worried and an anxious man. He got up at dawn and went out for a short walk before breakfast, as was his habit. He met Jennifer at the breakfast table and they talked of the work that lay before them, the undertaker coming at ten o'clock, the search for a second-hand furniture dealer to make an offer for the furniture left in the house, the estate agent to be found who would sell the house itself. These were easy and straightforward matters that had to be attended to before Morton went back to his practice in Leicester; more difficult was the personal matter that he must talk over with his daughter.

He broached it as they walked through the suburban streets. "I've been thinking about you going to Australia, Jenny," he said. "There's a lot to be said, for and against. I don't think we want to decide anything too hastily."

She glanced at him in surprise. "You don't think I ought to go, Daddy?"

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know what to think. There's this four hundred pounds dumped right into your lap, so to speak, and that's what she wanted you to do with it. It might not be a bad idea to go out for a few months and see if you like it. There should be plenty of money to pay your passage out and home."

"I wouldn't want to stay out there, Daddy. I couldn't leave you and mummy."

"We wouldn't want to lose you, Jenny. But I must say, I get worried sometimes thinking of the way things are going here."

The girl was silent. Even in her own memory the stringencies in her parents' home had increased; her own wage packet bought a good deal less than it had bought two years before. With the optimism of youth, she said: "We'll get an election and a change of Government before long. Then everything will get cheap again, won't it?"

HE shook his head. "I wish I could think so. I don't think it's anything to do with Socialism or Conservatism. It's been going on for thirty years, this getting poorer and poorer. Too many people to feed here in England, out of too few fields. It's the food producing countries that'll be the ones to live in in the future. You can see it now. Look at Jane Dorman!"

Jennifer thought about it. They walked on for a time in silence. "If I went out to Australia I'd have to get a job," she said. "I couldn't just go and live on Aunt Jane."

He nodded. "You could do that, all right. I expect they want secretaries in Victoria."

"What's the capital of Victoria, Daddy? Is it Adelaide?"

He shook his head. "I don't know. I think that's over on the west coast somewhere. I'd have to look at an atlas."

Later in the day, when they were having tea in the kitchen of her grandmother's house before going back to the hotel, Jennifer said: "Of course, I'd like to go out to Australia for the trip. The only thing is, I wouldn't want to stay there."

Her father smiled. "No harm in going on a six months' trip out to Australia if it gets dropped into your lap."

"It seems such a waste of money."

"It's what she gave it to you for," he said. "Think it over."

The funeral was on Saturday, and after it was over, Jennifer went with her father to St. Pancras to see him off. Then she travelled down by train to Blackheath through the drab suburbs of New Cross and Lewisham. As she went, the blazing Australian deserts, the wide cattle stations, the blue seas and coral islands that she had read about in novels danced before her eyes; it seemed incredible that these things could be within her grasp, these places could be hers to go to if she wished. Only the inertia of giving up her job and going, of getting out of her rut, now stood between her and these places.

She had a duty to perform on the Sunday, the duty of writing to Jane Dorman at this queer address, "Leonora, Merrijig, Victoria," to tell her of the death of Ethel Trehearn, and to tell her about the disposition of her £500. She sat down on Sunday morning to write this letter; when she had finished, it was a straight, factual

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Philip Harben, cookery showman

by WILFRED GREATOREX

The crusader for better living has made cooking into a star turn—and found a way to a five-figure income

IN THEIR WEST END FLAT some years ago, a struggling but outwardly prosperous commercial photographer and his wife gave a party to which they invited advertising agents, industrial executives and several film and stage celebrities. Hardly had it begun when one guest, with a short drink in one hand and a *vol-au-vent* in the other, buttonholed the host, a plump, bearded, balding extrovert named Philip Harben, and whispered confidentially: "Look, old chap, I know your business is on the rocks."

Brushing Harben's objections aside, he went on, "Face up to it—your photography's damned bad, but your cooking is excellent."

Indicating the delicacies and fancy snacks laid out by Harben to fertilize custom, the business man confided that, as a sideline, he ran a block of flats in Hampstead. "Come and be my catering manager," he said. "You won't regret it."

Harben and his wife Katharine went into conference. Five minutes later the offer was accepted —to the ultimate mutual advantage of the Harbens and a million or more British housewives.

The Highest-paid Cook

Today Philip Hubert Kendal Jerrold Harben is the highest-paid cook in the country, a popular educator who makes a five-figure income from his varied culinary activities as cookery-book author (he has four titles on the bookstalls and is now completing a 250,000-word *Encyclopaedia of Cooking*), star of instructional films, canteens organizer, and public demonstrator for the gas and electricity boards, cooker manufacturers and housewives' organizations.

Mainly, however, he owes his reputation to the B.B.C. Since the middle of 1946, he has appeared at more or less regular intervals in television programmes ranging from full-scale cookery features like *Country Dish* to those seasonal flashes-in-the-pan in which he has shown housewives how to make pancakes, Christmas puddings and hot-cross buns. In addition, variety producers have also been discovering him, and recently he had a spot in *It's Magic*.

"He is such an enthusiast," says S. E. Reynolds, who has produced most of Harben's television programmes, "that he makes cookery an

Philip Harben in his element, with a strawberry mousse—fruit purée, home-made cream and gelatine

Harben lunches at home with his family. Once his experiments turned their weekend joint blue

entertainment instead of a drudgery and a bore. Often he gets carried away by his own ardour." Once, showing how to make buns, Harben began by putting his pastries in the oven: then he demonstrated with other ingredients how he had made the mixture. "As the climax of the programme," Reynolds recalls, "we planned that he would open the oven door and produce the finished articles. But when the big moment arrived I saw he was looking slightly puzzled. Then he turned straight into the camera and said, 'Well, you see how cookers vary. In my oven at home these buns would have been done.'"

Afterwards, Reynolds dashed from the control panel into the studio. "What went wrong?" he asked anxiously. Harben chuckled. "I got so involved telling them about the pastry mixture," he confessed, "that I forgot to light the gas."

"Luckily," says Reynolds, "his sense of showmanship enabled him to cover up and save the day." Harben was once an actor, and he provided another instance of his artistry when making "maids of honour." Having gone into the history of cookery, he mentioned during rehearsal that it was Henry VIII who named the pastries, so Reynolds introduced the programme with a shot of Holbein's painting of the bearded monarch. From this, he cut to Harben, who looked up from his kitchen table with the spontaneous observation, "Any resemblance you may see to anyone else in this programme is purely coincidental."

At forty-five Harben is a portly, jovial practitioner of good living whose gingerish beard, round face and ecstatic expression recently moved a friend to describe him as "the eighth dwarf who got away from Walt Disney—the gastro-gnome"; a somewhat drastic pun which invariably sends Harben into fits of laughter.

Despite his hearty showmanship, however, he is very much in earnest about good food and good cooking. "Phil believes in cookery as other men believe in peace, private enterprise or Socialism—devotedly," says a colleague. As an industrial caterer, Harben spends most of his working day and earns the bulk of his income from giving more than a thousand workers the food they want, and a little of what they think they don't want. "To educate the British in food matters," he says resignedly, "one has to believe in the inevitability of gradualness—or go mad with frustration."

Harben is forever speaking out against careless cooking, unappetizing meals, stodgy foods with little nutritional value, old-fashioned and inefficient kitchens, and "the conviction among Britons that eating is an evil necessity." To a French chef visiting London not long ago Harben quipped: "In our country we will eat anything provided there are chips with it and the canteen manageress has a nice smile." Harben runs canteens for several London firms, including city offices, a news agency and an East End factory.

Gadgets In The Kitchen

In the course of this work he has to meet the food requirements of fads, conservative cockneys, Indians whose religious beliefs influence their diet, vegetarians, Jews (for whom kosher cooking has to be arranged) and ulcer sufferers. He is also up against other social factors. "Broadly speaking, the duller the work the more attractive meals must be." At an all-girl factory, where the work is repetitive, Harben found less concern about the food than about the way it was served.

In an old house which he uses as home and office in St. John's Wood, London, Harben has converted a two-roomed basement into test kitchens, where he works at all hours amid a collection of gadgets and appliances to rationalize cooking as a science as well as an art. There he made a series of cooking-time experiments, but in the end had to go to the Low Temperature Research Unit at Cambridge, where physicists helped with the final tests. Harben's timing formula takes into account such complex factors as the square of the cube root of the weight of the meat, as well as its measurements.

Heat penetration into a range of foods from fruit and fish to pastry is still one of Harben's major researches. To this end he uses a skewer thermocouple which, when pressed into food in an oven, registers temperature and the "degree of doneness" on a wall thermometer. Another gadget in daily use is a prototype electric hotplate, made to Harben's specifications, which he claims is twice as fast as gas. "But for having to earn a living," declares Katharine Harben, "he would spend most of his life in the lab."

Sunday Dinner Surprise

Some months ago, when the Harbens' two children—Jenny, aged twenty, and Roger, nineteen—were home for the weekend, along with two friends, Harben offered to look after the Sunday dinner.

"I had managed to get in quite a nice joint for the occasion," says Katharine. "But Phil looked rather shamefaced when he brought it upstairs. It had turned blue." Harben insisted it was all right for eating. It transpired that for some weeks he had been inquiring into the penetration of liquid into meat and, on an impulse, had experimented on the joint, using methylene dye. "They ate it," he recalls ruefully, "but I've never been forgiven."

During the war he took over the British Overseas Airways Corporation's canteen arrangements and soon "sold" the directors the idea of having a test kitchen where he could work out new dishes. "Harben did wonders, and some awful things besides, with wartime rations," says one B.O.A.C. man. Once, he created a savoury with chopped pork and called it a firewatcher's biscuit.

There were also his experiments with red herrings. B.O.A.C. executives used to act as samplers before Harben's recipes were used generally. "Every time I tried to do something with herrings," he says, "looks of dumb misery would come over their faces. It was dreadful to see them, sitting there in their black coats and starched white collars, having to go through so much for so many."

His First Audience

When a Press party was organized to visit his kitchen, a director asked Harben to say a few words, and he spoke about his firewatcher's biscuit. This so interested the reporters that they insisted on a demonstration, which in turn became a marathon cookery lesson. "After two hours," says one of those present, "Harben was still at it, talking furiously" (he still speaks too fast for most shorthand writers) "with the Press boys perched intently all over the kitchen—his first audience."

At one lecture in a London gas showroom he was preparing an omelet, and as he broke the first of three eggs into a bowl a sigh went up from the assembled housewives. "In that moment," he says, "I knew what was wrong with the British. They think it extravagant to use eggs other than fried, boiled or poached, and are horrified at the idea of spending eighteenpence on an omelet."

After visiting Italy last year, he decided to show viewers how to make—and eat—spaghetti. "It's delicious," he said, taking it from the studio oven. "You take a fork, wrap the spaghetti round it like this. . . ." He held his head back and took a mouthful. "An agonized expression came over his face," recalls Reynolds. "It was a good thing we weren't televising in colour, because he turned purple." Coming straight from the pan, the spaghetti was too hot, but Harben raised a connoisseur's smile before the programme went off the air.

Next morning, after seeing the doctor, Harben telephoned Reynolds to ask whether the public had noticed. Nobody had. THE END

Sydney Allard wins in his hand-made cars

by STANLEY RUSSELL

Messing about with cars was just a hobby, but it became big business when he turned a wrecked Ford into his first Special

CAR DESIGNERS usually start work with a pencil and a blank sheet of paper. Sydney Allard began with a finished job—finished in the literal sense. It was in 1936, when he was part-owner of a garage in Putney and the wreckage of a nearly new Ford V8, victim of a collision, was towed in.

"How much will it cost to repair?" asked the owner. Allard surveyed the twisted metal. The engine appeared to be intact and three of the wheels remained at the proper angle, but that was about all. "You'll need a new body, to begin with," he pointed out rather obviously. "It will probably cost you at least £200."

There was a moment's crestfallen silence. Then, "How much will you give me for it as it is?"

It was Allard's turn to start thinking. He was a "trials" enthusiast. In that form of motor sport, the worse the conditions, the steeper and ruttier and muddier the hills, the greater the enjoyment. No one bothers about the state of the car's body. He made another inspection, and succumbed. "We settled for £100-odd," he recalls. "That night I ripped off the body, went over the chassis carefully, and decided I could do something with it."

The "something" consisted of dismantling the back axle and leaving it at a local workshop to be shortened. The work took half an hour and cost 17s. 6d. Then he reshaped the chassis to fit the axle, and within ten days the hybrid vehicle, with a home-made body added, was ready for its first appearance at a trial. He called it the Allard Special.

That one spare-time car was the model on which Allard's subsequent success was built. Today his cars, shiny aristocrats in the four-figure price class, are world famous, but every one conforms to the shortened-axle pattern of the original.

At the time Sydney Allard had no idea what lay ahead. He was merely concerned, in his own words, with "messing about with cars as a hobby." It was not his first experience of altering a vehicle beyond the point at which the manufacturers would fail to recognize it. A few years previously, as a boy working in a garage, he had bought a three-wheeler, tuned it, and competed at Brooklands race track. Then he changed it into a four-wheeler, and sold it.

He anticipated a similar early parting with the Special. But though it did not win a prize on its first outing, its unusual design attracted attention, and its subsequent performances were so consistently successful that several friends and rivals asked him to make similar models for them. Having no more wrecks available, he had to buy all the parts new and adapt as necessary. The materials cost £400, and each car took three months of spare time to build. The little collection quickly won renown in tough competitions.

Only once was there a major upset. Allard, with his wife as passenger, was driving one of his home-made products at an Experts' Trial in Devonshire. Included in the course was a steep hill, slippery, rocky and narrow, and with a deep gully in the centre. The only way to get up was to straddle the gully and charge the hill at speed. That was the theory, anyway; no one had succeeded in driving all the way up. At the top, where the locals had gathered to watch the fun, Allard's partner was bragging about what he called "the car from my works."

"I set off as fast as I could go," Sydney recalls, "but the car hit the rocks and bounced in the air. One front wheel caught up on the bank and the other went down into the gully. The next moment we were upside down, suspended over the gully with the engine running and petrol pouring over us from the forty-gallon tank, and with no room for anyone to reach us and pull us out. Fortunately the engine stopped and there was no fire, so we were able to wriggle free. All I saw of my partner was a rear view of him disappearing into the distance, chased by an angry crowd. He had laid on the 'car-from-my-works' line so heavily that the locals thought I was an employee who had to risk his neck for a living."

Sparks Set Tank Alight

Once there was a fire, during a race in Sicily. "The road was covered in mud, and at a sharp bend I skidded into a wall. The impact split the fuel tank, and sparks from the wheel cap striking the wall set the petrol ablaze. I had felt only a slight knock, and as the car was still handling well I went on. The first I knew about what had happened was when my mechanic shouted that we were on fire. Three policemen helped us to put it out, but after an hour's work all that was left of the car was the engine and front end. Later I discovered that the three policemen were supposed to have been hunting a notorious bandit. They didn't get their quarry that day!"

Spills are part of the sport to the trials driver, and Sydney Allard has had many crashes in his career. "A few of them," he says frankly, "were on public roads in my earlier motoring days. Now, as far as possible, I drive fairly steadily on the road and as hard as I can on the track."

Yet one of his most spectacular crashes occurred when he was travelling comparatively slowly and with no one near to help. He planned to drive to the top of Ben Nevis, up the rough, stony track that only one car had previously conquered, and then only with the aid of horses. Rounding a hairpin bend, he ran on to what he thought was a grass verge and discovered too late that the grass was growing on the mountain slope. "The front wheel slipped over the side and almost immediately the car started to roll over, down the mountain. Luckily, after two revolutions it was stopped by a huge boulder, but that was the end of my attempt to go mountaineering by car."

Year's Winning Double

When his partner died, Allard dropped some of his sporting activities and concentrated on business. He began making his cars commercially. He got away to a good start in 1947 when his first model won the Lisbon Rally. This year has brought a winning double: the Monte Carlo Rally—the first British victory since 1931—and the R.A.C. International Rally of Great Britain. Allard himself drove the Monte Carlo winner.

At forty-one, he is boss of a firm that has reached an annual turnover of half a million pounds in less than six years, but he still prefers to be "one of the gang" in the suburban district where he began. He is readily accessible to all his 100-odd employees, and when he returned from winning the world's most important rally at Monte Carlo they unceremoniously

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The Allards confer before a race. If one crashes, the other goes on without stopping

There was a fearful howling and roaring, and then Jamie appeared and saw his grandfather grappling with the lion. He started forward to help

Lion on a lead

by T. O. BEACHCROFT

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIMLOTT

Nitwits, all of 'em—they didn't understand a real man! Which of *them* would fight a lion bare-handed?

JAMIE STOOD AT THE GATE waiting for his mother to come out and do the shopping. They lived in a long, quiet road and very few people came along it. Now, in the distance, he saw one tall figure approaching slowly. It was probably his grandfather.

Jamie could hear his mother's voice inside the house. Jamie went on slapping the gate-post with the dog's lead. The leather thong coiled itself round the post, and a sharp tug was needed to draw it away. To Jamie it suggested roping wild animals.

Now mother came bustling out again. "Help," she said. "Everything is such a rush today. Now where's the dog?" Bruce, the Airedale, had vanished, and they called in vain.

"Here comes grandfather," said Jamie.

"Oh, Lord—is it?"

"Don't you want it to be grandfather?" said Jamie. "Don't you like grandfather?"

"Don't be silly, Jamie. Of course I like him. It's only that he'll delay us."

The old man had by now come close to them and there was no mistaking who he was, he was so big. He towered over mother, leaving on Jamie's mind the impression that, just as parents are bigger than their children, so grandparents are bigger than *their* children; grandfather was half-way to a giant.

"Hallo, children," grandfather bawled at them, when he was some distance away. Though he was huge, his approach was rickety and shambly: he used a stick and his whole frame seemed to suffer from a list to one side.

"Have you seen our old Airedale dog?" said mother.

"Saw him on the green," said grandfather, "racing about with a Great Dane and an Alsatian."

He leaned hard on his stick and began to tell stories about dogs. The party came to a halt. Grandfather stooped over them, trying to catch what they said in reply. He held one of his enormous hands cupped to his ear and inclined towards them a broad red face with a snowy white moustache.

It was a hot day in May. Beside them in the gardens lilac and laburnum gleamed with purple and gold. The air was scented with may blossom, and strangely enough there rose and fell upon the listless breeze a distant roar of lions. The zoo was a mile or so away, and often enough the voices of the lions made a background to conversation.

"I don't like Alsatians," grandfather boomed at them.

"I love Alsatians," said Jamie.

"What's the boy say?" said grandfather.

"He *likes* Alsatians."

"Oh," said grandfather, "he likes 'em, does he? He'd far better like an Old English mastiff. More dependable. Do you like mastiffs, grandson?"

Jamie shook his head.

Grandfather laughed, cupping his ear towards Jamie, in case he should speak again. "Don't trust those damned Alsatians," he said. "Did I ever tell you how I hauled an Alsatian off a spaniel? Dog would have been killed if I hadn't done it."

He told them once again how the spaniel had been half killed, how its mistress, terrified, had struck the Alsatian with an umbrella. Grandfather had simply put his hand through the Alsatian's collar and twisted, till the dog was nearly choked. Then he had flung it limp and gasping on the ground. He spread out his enormous hand. The skin on the back was blue-red, rough, and scaly.

"Still some strength in that," he said. "Ha! ha! ha!" He laughed in loud, bellowing rushes, looking at his hand as if it were a large, useful club, or an outsized cosh, rather than part of his own body. In the distance the roar of lions rose and fell, a sad muffled noise, reaching them in echoing rumbles as the breeze blew in their direction. It was punctuated by the piercing shriek

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My life of fiddling and fooling (4)

Off to London to make my fortune

by TED RAY

"So you're the young feller who's taken London by storm," joked the big man. Only he wasn't big—he was a little chap smoking a Woodbine, and his kind advice was to change Ted's whole future

PICTURES FROM TED RAY'S ALBUM: "Alas, this intrepid golfer bears no resemblance to *the* Ted Ray, open golf champ of 1912. But I did crib my name from him—and it proved a winner, too"

IT WAS 1930. I was twenty-five and about to challenge London. As the motor coach took me through the outskirts and into the capital itself I wondered, as a legion of young Northerners have wondered for generations, whether this vast, sprawling, grey place would take me to its heart or throw me out, as one more stranger for whom it had no room.

Here I was, another Lancashire lad, come to conquer the town. I fancied myself as a great variety artist, but I had no proof that I was anything but just another boy who could tell a couple of jokes and play the violin passably. I had made a few audiences laugh and applaud in the North. But that was all. I climbed out of the coach with a smile on my lips—and a quake in my knees.

I lost no time in making my way to Stoke Newington, where Mr. Thomas, the comedian who had encouraged me to take this plunge, had recommended me to a landlady—a Mrs. Bent—with whom he always stayed when in London. She was an understanding little woman, and her smile and the appetising tea she made for me did me a power of good.

Although it was Sunday night, I could not resist going to have a look at the London Music Hall, in Shoreditch. It was bolted and barred, but just to gaze up at the grimy façade gave me a thrill. Then I had a look at the playbills pasted on the walls. I thought I had never seen so many names on a single poster in the whole of my life. Except for those of the few well-known artists at the top of the bill, all the other names were in type of the same size, and not very impressive type at that. My billing said: *Nedlo, Fiddle and Feet*. I thought: it's just like the Derby or any other big race. There are so many runners, but there can only be one winner.

A Terrifying Experience

The band rehearsal had been called for eleven o'clock the next day. I made as brave a show as I could with Mrs. Bent's breakfast, returned her cheery goodbye and presented myself at the stage door at half-past eight. I felt lonely and keyed up, but before long the whole of the shabby, echoing auditorium came to life. Acts, young and old, streamed in, chattering and waving greetings to one another—and all with the same question in their hearts. Would they make the grade? I soon realized that a number of these performers were making their third and fourth appearance at the Shoreditch, while for some, like myself, it was a novel and rather terrifying experience. I had been told that the audiences at the London Music Hall were "wonderful if they liked you, but if they did not—oh, brother!"

It seemed that the time for the opening of the first house would never come. But at last, with a catch in my throat, I heard the orchestra shuffling into the pit and nonchalantly tuning their instruments. The big moment was near.

Joke That Went Down Big

I stood in a corner waiting my turn and chewing my lip. The artists before me, a double-handed dancing act, came off the stage to a substantial round of applause, and it was a relief to know that at least some of those in front were not in a bad humour.

I saw a notice on the safety curtain. It said: "This theatre can be emptied in three minutes." I had to smile, because that was what I should probably do—empty the theatre in three minutes. Then I thought: why not let the audience into the joke?

When the stage manager gave me an urgent whisper, "All right, Nedlo, you're on!" I walked on to the stage, put my violin under my chin, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, this theatre can be emptied in three minutes." There was a big roar of laughter and a little round of applause. This encouraged me and I did very, very well indeed—much better than

"An early playbill. I was twenty-five then, an unknown about to make my London début"

"George Barclay, the theatrical agent who gave me my chance to make good. Cutting the cake with him is his wife, the late cockney comedienne Kate Carney. They are celebrating their golden wedding"

I had hoped for. Off I came and they slapped me on the back, saying: "Son, this is great." I went back to the dressing-room, sweating and trembling with relief. But I had not finished.

The stage manager came back and said: "Come on, they're still at it." I tottered back to the stage and all I could do was bow and say: "Thank you very much," because I had given them everything—all I knew I had put into that act. I had no more jokes to tell.

I went back to my digs in the happiest frame of mind and had a great welcome from my landlady. In her long life that dear soul must have met many another youngster who felt he was on the crest of a wave, but Mrs. Bent was as pleased with my story as if her own son had been telling it.

Where The Artists Meet

Next morning, feeling very much a man of the world, I took my first walk down Charing Cross Road, traditional meeting place of the variety performer in search of work and gossip. I met two or three acts who were also on the bill at the London. They told their friends about me and I was soon surrounded by little knots of artists wishing me luck.

That night, as I made my way to the theatre, doubts assailed me and I wondered if my two performances the night before had been a fluke. But no, the luck held, and Tuesday's audiences were just as kind. As I came off after the second house, the stage door keeper came into the dressing-room with a visiting card in his hand. I read the magic words: Bob Wade—Representing George Barclay.

George Barclay! This was something more than I had hoped for. He was the most important theatrical agent in London, and here was his manager asking to see me. Bob Wade, I found, was a big, bluff Irishman with snow-white hair. He said: "My boy, the Guv'nor thinks you've got something. Can you be at his office tomorrow morning at ten o'clock?" Could I? It would have taken a revolution or an earthquake to stop me, and I was at Boylands Oak—George Barclay's famous house on Brixton Hill—with plenty of time to spare.

That massively built Victorian house was almost a legend in the world of variety. Barclay himself had a unique reputation, and where the variety types forgathered to discuss show business his name was mentioned with awe. Besides being well-known and influential in the theatre, he was also a considerable figure on the turf.

And here I was, ringing the bell and being shown into the "waiting-room." George conducted all his activities from his Brixton mansion, and the room in which visitors awaited his summons was, in fact, a huge drawing-room, filled with heavy furniture and adorned by handsome silver candelabra. Round the walls were oil paintings of Derby winners. As I looked about I began to make a list in my own mind of the famous men and women who had preceded me, had nervously paced up and down on the expensive carpet, gazing at the painted thoroughbreds and feeling, as I felt, that they had reached a turning-point in their careers. It is certainly not too much to say that practically every top-liner of the past quarter of a century had been flattered to get an invitation to the house on Brixton Hill.

I had been there biting my finger-nails, looking out of the window and longing to light my pipe for what seemed an age, when suddenly a door opened. In came a little man, five feet nothing high. He was wearing a cloth cap and a cigarette was dangling from his mouth. I was in for another shock—for this was the great George Barclay himself. I was to learn that indoors and out he affected his check cap. The cigarette was always in his mouth—and it was invariably a Woodbine. He never smoked anything else.

Monikers That Click

Barclay looked at me with kindness in his eye. "So you're the young feller who's taken London by storm?" I nodded dumbly. "Nah, look 'ere, son, I believe you got a good act, but we got to change that moniker of yours. We can't 'ave this 'Nedlo'—what's that mean? It sounds like a perishin' juggler."

"I'm sorry," I said. "It's my real name spelt backwards."

"I don't care if it's your name sideways, you've got to get rid of it. Come in here and I'll show you something."

He took me into another room with playbills round the walls. He said: "Look at that over there—George Bass. 'Ere's another one, Jimmy Jewell [the late father of the present Jimmy Jewel, of Jewel and Warriss]. Men drink Bass, women wear jewels—they never forget a moniker like that, son. But I ask yer—'Nedlo'!"

"Well, Mr. Barclay, I don't know what to call myself. How about Hugh Neek?" This was a name I had used before. A play on the word "unique," I had considered it rather brilliant when I thought it up.

"Look, son, don't waste my time," was all Barclay said. "I'll tell you what, you go home, think it over, sort yourself out a good name. Come back tomorrow. I've got a lot of contracts for you to sign—look." My eyes nearly came out of my head when I saw the amount—£15 a week! Less commission, £13 10s. anyway.

How I Became Ted Ray

Back in my digs I thought of everything, but the more I puzzled the worse were my ideas. I was reduced to looking through a little pocket diary with the names of sports champions in, and had come to the list of winners of the Open Golf Championship. I have always been keen on golf and I thought: I wonder if any of these names will do.

I went next morning to see Mr. Barclay and he said: "Well, son, got the name sorted out yet?" So I said: "How about Bobby Jones?"

"No, no, too ordinary."

"Harry Vardon?"

"There's already a comedian named Harry Vardon."

"Ted Ray?"

He looked thoughtful. "Now that's a good name—short, too. Doesn't matter where they put that on the bill—people will be able to see it from across the street." So he turned round to Bob Wade, and said: "Bob, have we got any Ted Rays in show business?" Bob went through the books and said: "No, there's a Bob Ray, Phil Ray, Harry Ray, but there's no Ted Ray." He said: "That's it, son, you've now become Ted Ray. Sign your new name on these contracts."

And so Ted Ray, open golf winner in 1912, lent me his name. I looked at this unfamiliar signature. I did not realize then how lucky it was going to be for me.

I never met the real Ted Ray—he was retiring by the time I had enough leisure and money to take up golf seriously, although today I spend all my spare time at the links. But our having the same name did lead to a pretty situation one day.

A friend and I had decided to have a game at

Continued on page 28

The farmer wants a bride

by ***WALTER MACKEN***

Ah, how he loved her—and just look what it had done for him! He would be the laughing stock of Connemara

Sorcha caught his arm. "Don't heed the

IT ALL DEVELOPED FROM COLM'S VISIT to Sorcha's house on the Saturday. He knew that he was not really welcome there; not welcome to her father, anyway. He hadn't wanted to come to the house at all, but Sorcha kept pressing him. "You will have to face up to him," she had said. "Let him see what you are, and he will get to like you even though you do not like the sea."

That was the trouble. Their village faced into the Atlantic. Sometimes the Atlantic smiled on them and sometimes it frowned, but the people knew all its moods now, and they ploughed their stony fields in times, and in times they took their currachs out and ploughed the sea for fish to augment their food supplies or to sell to the avid men from the town who came in their lorries.

Colm was different. Colm didn't like the sea. He thought it took too much for the little it gave, so he concentrated on the stony fields. His father before him was the same. His father cleared his fields of the stones, and he manured them well and ploughed them and protected them with tough trees and high stone walls from the destruction of the salt-laden winds from the sea. Sometimes, then, when a family had died out, from emigration or from the quick, vicious and unexpected death that the Atlantic often brought, Colm's father, and after him Colm, would buy the empty holding and would patiently rip the stones from the fields with crowbars or sticks of gelignite, and would manure and plough and attend, so that now they had a holding of twenty acres, not counting bogland and the grouseland of the low hills.

His place was a marvel, because it actually paid. He was the only man inside eight parishes of this townland to have a farm that grew sweetly and paid a return, without him ever wetting an oar in a wave. He laid his fields out in the high-priced vegetables that he sold in the town. He kept three cows with bursting udders. He sold their milk and the butter from their milk in the town. Colm prospered from the attended land, and, with a grant from the government, he tore off the thatched roof of his house and he built a slated roof in its place. He built new stables too, with asbestos roofing on them, and they were very warm and clean inside so that the cows were pleased with them in the cold Atlantic winters and gave him a good return.

So why should Donagh disapprove of him? Colm tried to figure it out, sitting there in the wooden chair out from the open fireplace. He was a big man, with large, capable hands that he was wiping against each other now. He had a big face that was shaved clean and he had on a new navy-blue suit with the tailor's crease still in it.

Donagh was leaning back in his chair, one hobnailed boot resting on his knee. He was dressed in the coarse homespun trousers and the grey wool shirt and the white bainin coat. What was good enough for my father is good enough for me, was the impression he gave.

He was sixty years and more of age, but he was long, lean and lithe, and only gave away his age in the temple grey of his short brown hair and the few grey bristles of his unshaven face. His stomach was as flat as the top of a table, and although Colm knew he hadn't more than ten shillings in the blue jug on the dresser and wasn't likely to have in the future, all the same Colm felt that Donagh was a better man than he would ever be, and every line of the body of the man, every weather wrinkle on his brown face, said the same thing over and over again.

COLM thought: Will I go away now altogether? Then he looked over at Sorcha. She was at the table by the dresser, drying the dishes for her mother. Her hair was black, and it waved in an unruly fashion, and her skin was very clear, and she was wearing a blue dress with white dots on it that was belted to her narrow waist, and the way she was standing he could see the long, shapely length of her thigh. Her eyes caught his and she seemed to be saying: "Don't go away," and Colm realized how much he loved Sorcha, so he said to himself: "To hell with the old devil," and sat straight in his chair and stopped rubbing his hands together.

"So you don't like boats, Mister Colm?" said Donagh, very politely.

"I didn't say I didn't like boats," said Colm. "I just said that there's too much time taken up with boats in the village. That's all I said. I like a boat now and again. I like to take a currach out on the sea of a Sunday and catch a few fat pollack on the long line and cook them for the supper, but I think that the more a man gives to his land the more he gets out of it, and the more he gives to the sea the less he gets out of it, and if it doesn't kill him in the end, it drains the life out of him."

Now I'm done with, he thought, seeing the flash of dismay in Sorcha's eyes. I should have kept my big mouth shut. It's many's the time a person's mouth broke his nose, but I'm not a hypocrite, and if Sorcha really was for me, she would choose between her own father and myself and be done with it. It wasn't that, either, he knew. It was just that she loved her father and wouldn't hurt him. Although how anybody could love the old devil, I fail to see, Colm thought sourly.

"It wouldn't be that you'd be afraid of the boats, now, Mister Colm?" Donagh went on, as polite as ever, like the blade of a sharp, gutting knife. "You're the oddest man that ever was bred in this village, if you are."

"It's just that we don't agree," said Colm, "and maybe now we better leave it there."

"Fair enough," said Donagh. "That's where we'll leave it. Would you come over to Kineally's beyont now, and we'll drink a glass of stout together, or do you be against stout-drinking, too?"

"All right," said Colm, "I will go to Kineally's with you." This is kiss goodbye now, he thought. He had told Sorcha that he didn't like coming into her house. He never would be able to get around to saying: "Sorcha and

m," she said. "Come away with me." But her pleading was no use: Colm had made up his mind. "I'm going out in this sea if it's the end of me," he said

meself want to be married, Donagh, and she would like you to like it if you can."

Everyone in the whole place knew about Sorcha and himself—even Donagh—but it would choke Colm to get the words out. So he didn't, and now they would have to seek another solution.

"I'll walk ye to the road," said Sorcha, coming out the door after them and taking Colm's hand when they hit the moonlight outside—the hand farthest away from her father. She pressed it with her fingers and held the back of his hand for a moment against her thigh. Just a warm pressure of sympathy.

"Don't get drunk now, let ye," she said, standing near the road and watching them away. It was a very bright night, frosty, with many stars and a fresh breeze that drove clouds like sheep across the face of the moon, so that it seemed to be racing and grinning down at them.

Donagh stood there beside them, implacably, so that they couldn't talk. "Go back into the house now, agirl," he said, "or you'll be catchin' cold."

"Good night," said Sorcha, and turned away.

LIKE two strangers, they walked the half-mile to the pub. Donagh was taller than Colm. He walked straighter. He had powerful shoulders. Colm was low but he was strong. Here's a fisherman and a farmer walking the road, he thought, and for all the affinity between them they might as well have been engaged in their respective occupations. He was glad when they left the frosty road for the smuggy yellow light of Kineally's. It was full of men. There was a low counter and a few forms and half barrels on which you could sit. There was the smell of porter and the guttering paraffin lamp and a fug of twist tobacco.

They were greeted. Donagh got a more fulsome greeting than Colm. Donagh insisted on paying for the two pints that were set up for them. Colm swallowed his slowly. Donagh downed his almost in a gulp. Colm ordered two more and paid for them from the small leather purse he carried in his pocket. Then he sat on a barrel and felt miserable and lonely, but never once wished he was a fisherman so that he could have Sorcha in the church without question and so that he would be able to laugh and be great friends with the men in Kineally's pub.

He just sat there and thought, and he didn't know what time it was that he took an interest in the conversation. Donagh was arguing with the Conneelys, and old Kineally behind the counter was backing him up. What was it about? It was about boats. The two B's, Colm had often thought before, they go together—boats and boasting. The Conneelys were two brothers—twins in appearance—tall, rangy men with great chests and unshaven chins. They were laughing at Donagh.

"We are the two finest men that ever went into a currach," they were saying. "If you put Fionn MacCumhail and Goll MacMorna and Cucullainn in a boat apart from us, and if you tied the right arm to our sides, we would give them a four-mile lead and beat them home." They laughed, showing great white teeth in their dark faces, and they banged their pint glasses on the counter.

"The two of ye!" Donagh was saying. "I'm an old man. I'm nearly double the age of ye. I could go out on that bay tomorrow morning, if I had a child in the boat with me to balance it, and I could welt the two of ye. Is that right, Kineally?"

KINEALLY nodded. "You were ever a powerful man in a boat, Donagh," he said sincerely, "and your father before you was the same. If your father was alive, God rest him, and was in the seat with you in the boat, there isn't two men in Ireland could whip ye."

"What?" asked James, the taller Conneely. "Is it poor old Donagh? Is it him that's really fit for nothing better now but being a ghillie for stupid fishermen on an inshore lake!"

Donagh was in a red rage. He cursed them. He called them names. They laughed at him. They were all a little drunk by this time, anyhow.

All the men in the pub had closed around them and, with sly grins, were urging them on.

Donagh was squaring up, as old men will do

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ILLUSTRATED BY CASWELL

The banker pays out at one of the animal games. These pictures were taken by Harry Hopkins at Hsipaw

Trying their luck on the spinning wheel.

HARRY HOPKINS REPORTS FROM BURMA

Seven lost days of gambling madness

Playing the animal games is an old Shan custom. When the fever is on them, people trek miles to join in the astonishing free-for-all

RANGOON

AS THE JEEP-TAXI pulled up the last long hill into Maymyo the chirrupy little Burmese old lady in the back, whose sister was married to a Surrey business man, piped up again more animatedly than ever. "See that house over there! Mr. Smith lived there—he had such a lovely fruit farm!" Or "That was Major Robinson's place, you know—a very nice man."

It was all in the past tense. For the big, square, half-timbered English country-style houses, with their chimney stacks, their gardens and neat hedges, stood empty, damp and desolate. The "rides" around the town no longer rang with the clatter of hooves and of upper-class English voices. Maymyo—this hill station which had been the Burma Army headquarters in the "old days"—was a ghost town now.

Passing Church Road and the Mall, the jeep-taxi put me down in the consulate garden, which was drowsy with the buzz of bees. The fragrance of new-mown hay filled the clear air. It could have been a summer afternoon in the Home Counties—even to the rather amateurish burglary they had had at the consulate the night before. It seemed that the *durwans* (caretakers) of all these empty houses sat around in them gambling their days away. Then, from time to time, it became necessary for the losers to replenish their funds—and another mild wave of "breaking and entering" spread over Maymyo.

"Lords Of The Sunset"

With Maymyo begins the country of the 2,000,000 Shans, living under their hereditary rulers, the Sawbas—the "Lords of the Sunset"—in thirty-two states scattered over the great plateau between the China border and Burma proper. Lighter in colour than the Burmese, the Shans speak a quite different language, and think of themselves as a distinct people.

In this they are not alone. There are also the wild Was, the Palaungs and the Padaungs, who provide the giraffe-necked, brass-ringed women of the circus; in the mountains to the north and west there are 400,000 Kachins; then there are the Nagas, who are still making the odd head-hunting raid into India, and the Chins, who come under the rule of an Anglo-Burman special commissioner, who is married to a Chin woman and rides around his wild territory on one of the white horses Wingate left behind.

Of Burma's 18,000,000 people, at least 5,000,000 are not Burmese by race. On paper, at least, Burma is a federal state. On the Union's flag the big white star on the red field is encircled by five small white stars. The five stars symbolize the union of the five main peoples of Burma—the Burmese, the Karens, the Shans, the Kachins, the Chins. Before the war many of these peoples had not been included in Burma proper, but had come under direct or indirect British rule. Now much would depend on the sort of deal they would get—in reality as well as on paper—from the Government in Rangoon.

That was one of the reasons I had come up to the Shan states. There was another. For here it is that the famed Burma Road comes through from Kunming, in China. A few months earlier, in Tonkin, I had seen the embattled gateway to the rich peninsula of South-East Asia. Now, here, more obscure and remote, was the back way in. The back door is narrow, but it stands wide open. Documents captured from the Communist insurgents show that they were planning to work up through Burma to establish a "liberated area" in this north-eastern No-Man's-Land, where they could stretch out a hand across an ill-defined border to their comrades in Red China.

From Maymyo my plan was to travel up to Hsipaw (pronounced See-paw), the capital of one of the biggest of the Shan states, where I knew there lived an English engineer, John Williams, who was rebuilding the railway bridges so that coal could get up to the great British-run lead-silver mine and refinery at Namtu, and the wagonloads of ingots could come rolling down. I covered most of the distance by lorry, sharing a seat in the cab with a Burma Navy lad making his way home on leave—which, in Burma's present condition, was something of an enterprise.

As the lorry, loaded with miscellaneous sacks and humanity, ground its way up through the

For a week, many of the gamblers hardly slept

endless corkscrewing hills, a steady succession of ox carts and lorries growled by on their way down to the plains. The backs of many of them were piled high with long, conical wicker-baskets of *lepha* or "wet tea," a trail of moisture often dripping from the tailboards—for the cow dung that lined the bottoms of the baskets was not always an efficient seal. Down in Rangoon there are times when this pickled tea becomes extraordinarily cheap. That generally means that a consignment of smuggled opium has just got in from the Shan states: the middle of these wet-tea baskets is a favourite place of concealment.

Oriental Three-card Trick

That evening, when John Williams got back from his bridge building, we did what practically every man, women and child in Hsipaw was doing at that moment: we went for a stroll around the *pwe* grounds. A big area of palm-leaf-and-bamboo booths and stalls, intersected by dusty avenues along which the people dawdled and drifted, it put you in mind at first glance of a fair at some little place in the American West; but at first glance only, for this, in fact, was a large free-for-all gambling party, a unique open-air casino where you could try your luck at everything from hoop-la and an oriental version of the three-card trick to the animal games.

The biggest crowd was around the three long tables where the four-animal games were in progress. The light from the lamps hanging overhead fell on the rows of tense faces, glistened on the long white oilcloth where the elephant, the snake, the cock and the frog were painted, each in its own triangle of the square.

A bored Chinese sat at the top of the table in front of a white dinner plate on which stood an inverted basin. From beneath the basin came a faint sound, like a gentle ringing. The people round the table waited, silent. Then, suddenly, there was a little clatter—and the sound under the basin stopped. Mechanically, the Chinese lifted the basin, revealing a small metal four-sided top lying on its side. The elephant was uppermost. The Chinese banker briskly raked in the notes from the other animals, paying out as he did so the players who had put their money on the head of the elephant at three for one.

The plate on which the top had spun rested on a bed of rice, which lay in a soup plate. The croupier levelled the plate on the foundation of rice, then, wasting no time, spun again, and put back the basin. Once again the notes were raining on to the table, being pushed across into place on the favoured animal, patted, nervously adjusted. All sorts and conditions of men—and gamblers—stood around the long table. Ten-cent notes went on to the table, large sums, too. One kept hearing about the man who had staked 10,000 rupees one night and won, come back the next and lost it all in five minutes. And through it all, hour after hour, day and night, those Chinese croupiers and their assistants kept at it, giving no sign of emotion, rarely even looking up, never wasting a moment, spinning the top, raking in the notes, watching all, seeing all.

The Greatest Game Of All

There is the two-animal game, the three-animal game, the four-animal game, the six-animal game—but it is the thirty-six animal game, the animal game to end all animal games, that dominates the talk of the *pwe*. All day long the people crowd around the long bamboo counter where the clerks scribble on scraps of paper your stake, your animal, your name. All day long, questing eyes run over the two ornate Nat figures painted on the wall behind, traditional figures of "Thon-za-Chow"—the thirty-six animal game—crawling horrifically with livestock like something composed by Salvador Dali. Jungle cocks emerge from their lips, a swan floats on an elbow, a horse canters across a head. . . .

High above the long booth, dangling from a tall tree, a small black cash-box, tied up with red ribbon, stands out against the blue sky. Twice a day the image of an animal—one of the thirty-six—is placed inside the box, and the box is locked and hoisted into the sky under police supervision; twice a day the box is hauled down and unlocked under police supervision. The next opening will be at 2 a.m.—and inside a couple of minutes the name of the animal will be known to everyone in town.

As is well understood by the crowds at the counter, the selection of an animal is not a matter to be taken lightly. For the magic of this game is powerful: at one sweep it can multiply a man's fortune twenty-seven times. So, first, all the many portents must be discussed: what happened in the dream one had last night; the cross-eyed girl seen on the way to the *pwe*; the cat that crossed one's path from left to right.

"This is not just gambling we have in the Shan states," one of the onlookers told me, "it is *spiritual* gambling." And he went on to tell me of that strange night at the *pwe* when the frog kept on coming up all night, though, equally steadily, a certain gambler went on putting his money on the jungle cock. Half-crazed, the gambler jumped up, bought a live cock and, chopping off its head, scattered the blood all over the table. Then, in an awed silence, the game re-started. The top could be heard spinning under the white basin. It stopped. The croupier lifted the basin. And the animal uppermost was—the frog. That, he said, was how strong the magic was that night!

Money Circulated Madly

For seven days this madness gripped the state; for seven days people drifted like sleep-walkers up and down these dusty aisles, and crowded hot-eyed round the tables. Many of them had made long journeys in from remote hill villages, and here they would stay, extracting every minute of excitement and colour, snatching a little sleep now and then under a hedge, till it was all over. The money circulated madly; over the animal game tables, from pocket to pocket, out again at the eats and drinks stalls, over the tables again. I took a look inside a booth which had a bamboo screen door and found an opium-smoking "restaurant," the customers lying in rows on small tables, smoky little oil lamps on which they warmed their pipes guttering between them. In Burma proper, opium-smoking is illegal without an addict's licence. But the Shan states are different.

One night, as Williams and I stood watching one of the animal games, a local policeman had come up to us to air the English he had picked up in the British Army. He beamed happily as he looked around. No trouble at all, he said. Quiet fellows, these Shans. But don't imagine you could do anything like this for a moment in Burma. No, sir! Why, those quick-tempered Burmese would be at each other's throats inside five minutes. One was always hearing that sort of remark in the Shan states. "They don't play hockey, you know, in Burma," said one Shan official. "Why? Because they dare not, of course. Players would be beaten to death!"

Now the Shans are co-citizens with the impetuous Burmese in the Union of Burma. How do they like that? Most of them are inclined to blame the Burmese and the government down in Rangoon for all Burma's troubles. They feel, too, that they have too many Burmese officials up in the Shan states. But that, they say, will

Betting on the thirty-six animal game, where all the many portents must first be discussed

Box with the lucky animal's image inside is hoisted up a tree. Police supervise the game

Blue haze on a golden morning—the way lies open and the day's before you. Hiking, biking or motoring, as you follow your road through the quiet country, from time to time refresh yourself with the flavour of sun-drenched fruit . . . Rowntree's Fruit Gums . . . soothing, long-lasting as the day itself.

remedy itself once Shans are trained for the jobs. As in Indonesia, regional autonomy is still largely on paper and has to be worked out; but until then the Shans are not unwilling to suspend judgment. They are, after all, not doing too badly: both the President of the Union and the Foreign Minister are Shans.

From Hsipaw I moved north again, making for the Burma Corporation's great lead-silver mine in the mountains west of Lashio. At the point where the mine's eighteen-inch gauge line joins up with the Burma Railways I was met by the superintendent of the mine's railway, who ushered me into an elegant railcar which had brass coach handles and the company's monogram in golden letters on a blue ground. Enthroned on white seats on this remarkable vehicle we wound on into the mountains, squealing round innumerable bends, occasionally reversing, while all along the line men with red flags made obeisance at our passing.

The Back Of Beyond

It was travel in the grand manner and after the first hour or so of it—and a cup of coffee brewed by the halfway signalman—one began to have a proper appreciation of the audacity and hardihood of the Victorian pioneers who had persisted in opening up this great enterprise in the Back of Beyond. The appreciation deepened an hour or so later when the railcar swung around a bend and the chimneys and iron roofs and tortured tubes of a great refinery—the ore here is rich, but also the world's most complex—came into view. It could have been South Wales.

Mining men live in some strange places, but there can be few stranger than this wild mountainous No-Man's-Land still roamed over by bison, elephants and leopards, linked with the world outside only by the Corporation's weekly Dakota. Down the tracks that wind up beyond the rusty corrugated-iron roofs of the mining village long mule trains come swinging, led by Chinese muleteers. Down them, too, jog Kachin women, in their narrow stove-pipe trousers and elaborately woven tapestry skirts, carrying on their backs baskets of vegetables grown in their Kachin villages set on the ridges of the hills.

For here the Shan country tapers off and the Kachin country begins. Remote and little known as it is, its frontiers often unmarked, this mountain country of the Kachins is yet the heart of South-East Asia. Not far from here the great rivers of the peninsula, the Irrawaddy, the Salween, the Mekong, close in on the Yang-tse, rising in the mountain massif of southern China. Near Bhamo, ancient trading post with China, the Chinese frontier makes a deep salient into Burma, bounded by the River Schweli, a shifting river.

Ruse To Get Chinese Out

The Chinese have in fact long considered all this national soil, and Chiang Kai-shek laid claim to Upper Burma. An obelisk stands in the market place at Namtu, erected by the Americans in honour of General Pan and the Chinese Army which took Lashio in 1945. In fact, General Pan was so fond of the place that he gave no sign of leaving long after the war, and the Americans and British, putting their heads together, had to invite him on a long visit to Europe and the U.S.A., moving his troops back into China in his absence.

Yet, seven years later, the Chinese are still there—for when I got to Lashio I found that all lorries had been commandeered and several Burma Air Force fighters were ready on the airfield for operations against the Kuomintang forces of General Li, which had come across the frontier into Burma long before and were now terrorizing the unfortunate villagers.

In most of these border states one-third of the people are Chinese, and many of the rest are either Sino-Burmese or Sino-Shan, the so-called Shan Tayoks, a strange, gentle race who wear austere black and white clothes like some oriental version of our Puritans. Did they wish it, the Pekin Government could intervene in this remote but critical area with an effect as devastating—and as difficult to counter—as in Hongkong.

So far, as the Rangoon Government has often pointed out, they have given no sign of intending to do so. The Burmese, nevertheless, cannot but be daily conscious of the great weight and mass of China pressing against their thousand miles of unprotected eastern frontier. U Ba Shwe, powerful secretary-general of the Burma Socialist Party and now Minister of Defence, said to me: "We do not want to become another Korea."

So Rangoon remains one of the few places left in the world where you can still read President Truman on one side of your morning paper and a two-column speech by Vishinsky denouncing Anglo-American imperialism on the other; where you can go into one cinema and watch the G-men unmasking un-American activities, and into another to see *The Communist Mass Onslaught On Seoul*.

This ideological free-for-all should not, however, be allowed to conceal the fact that a real change has taken place. Brought up in the fashionable Marxist idiom of the thirties, Thakin Nu, the Burmese Premier, was at first very reluctant to abandon his hopes of a popular front of all Leftist parties. That was the object of the precipitate, ill-prepared nationalisations of river transport and the timber business; that was the aim of Thakin Nu's famous Fifteen-Point Programme incorporating many Communist shibboleths. But experience teaches. Thakin Nu was driven to declare war on Communism.

Facts Dampen Optimism

To be optimistic about Burma's future at present would be to fly in the face of too many facts: the extensive demoralization, the size and difficulty of the country (with 1,000 bridges on the railway between Rangoon and Mandalay), the terrible lack of trained men, the present inadequacies of the army. We might perhaps, for the moment, leave the last word to a kindly grey-haired old Englishman who sits poring over the mass of files on a desk in the Ministry of Planning. His name is J. S. Furnival. As a professor at Rangoon University — and an ex-member of the Indian Civil Service which once administered Burma—Furnival taught Thakin Nu and many of his Cabinet colleagues as students.

Well, what did the professor think of his young men now? As I poured out my doubts and unanswered questions, the old man looked up from his files and smiled gently: "I always tell people," he said, "that Burma has many problems, many problems—and they are *all* insoluble."

Yet, somehow, in its own peculiar way, Burma goes on—and one of these fine days, somewhere between the lost old world of Mandalay and the lost new world of Rangoon, Burma may find herself again. THE END

Watch out for

THE SMILER

He is in the jail "on the moor." He is planning a break. He doesn't like violence, but he is always prepared to use it. Like every crook, he has a weakness. His is a sense of humour—a very peculiar sense of humour.

Meet him in Michael Gilbert's brilliant new story, *The Smiler*—the first Gilbert story published in JOHN BULL since his immensely popular serial, *The Trial Of Victoria Lamartine*. It will appear . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Remember—if you are going on holiday, let the local newsagent or bookstall know, preferably a week in advance, that you want JOHN BULL. *That is the only way of making sure of your copy.*

THE FAR COUNTRY

Continued from page 9

account of what had happened, with the unpleasant fact glossed over that the old lady's death had been virtually from starvation.

She got this off by air mail at midday on Sunday, and relaxed.

That was a time of strain and gloom in England, with the bad news of the war in Korea superimposed upon the increasing shortages of food and fuel and the prospect of heavy increases in taxation to pay for rearmament. Jennifer found it increasingly difficult to take her mind off the vision of Australia.

On Monday she got a cable at her boarding house. It read:

DEEPLY GRIEVED AUNT ETHEL BUT SO GLAD YOU WERE WITH HER OF COURSE KEEP MONEY AND DO COME OUT HERE AND VISIT US PLENTY OF JOBS MELBOURNE ABOUT TEN POUNDS WEEKLY WRITING AIR MAIL.

JANE DORMAN.

She stared at this, amazed that she could have got an answer to the letter she had written only a week before; it made Australia seem very near. Jennifer felt as if Jane Dorman lived in the next county, and Australia no longer seemed to be upon the far side of the world.

It wouldn't do any harm to find out about it, anyway. She made a few discreet inquiries and took Tuesday afternoon off on a pretext that she had to help her father clear up Ethel Trehearn's estate, which was totally untrue. She went up to London and visited the P. and O. office and the Orient Line next door, and Australia House, and Victoria House. She returned with a great mass of literature to study, fascinating windows opening upon a strange new world.

On the Thursday she wrote to the Orient Line and put her name down for a tourist class passage to Australia five months ahead, the earliest date that she could get a berth. She sent £10 deposit, on the assurance of the company that this would be returnable if she changed her mind and didn't go. She wouldn't really go, of course, but it was nice to know she could go if she wanted to.

On the Friday she got a bulky air-mail letter from Jane Dorman in Australia, twelve days after she had written. Enclosed with it were four pages of advertisements in newspapers of situations vacant in Melbourne for secretaries and "typistes," at salaries that made her blink.

JENNIFER had no close friends in Blackheath, but she sometimes went to the pictures with a girl called Shirley Hyman who lived in the room below. Shirley worked in the City and was engaged to a young man in a solicitor's office; she was with him every weekend but seldom saw him in the week. That Friday evening she was washing her hair for his benefit next day, and Jennifer went down to see her, papers in hand.

She said: "Shirley, have you ever thought of going to Australia?"

Miss Hyman, sitting on the floor before the gas stove, drying her hair, said: "For the Lord's sake! Whatever made you ask that?"

"I've got a relation there," said Jennifer. "She wants me to go out and stay."

Shirley Hyman shook her head. "Dick's always going on about it," she said. "He wants us to go there when we're married. He thinks he knows a chap out there who'll take him on, as soon as he's got his articles."

"Are you keen on it?"

"I don't quite know," the girl said. "It's an awful long way away. When I'm with Dick it all seems reasonable. There's not much future here, and if we're going, well, it's better to go before we start a family. But . . . it's an awful long way."

"I know," Jennifer said. She squatted in front of the fire with the other girl.

"You're all right, of course," said Shirley, after a while. "You could come back if you didn't like it. You could save the cost of the passage home. It's different for us. If we went out, we'd have to go there for good."

"I know," Jennifer said again. "The trouble is, I believe I might like it, and stay there for good. I don't want to do that. . . ."

The little ties that held her to her own land were still strong, ties of friendships, of places that she knew, of things she had grown up with. She went on with her work and life in Blackheath for another three days, uncertain and irresolute. On the following Tuesday she got a telegram from the Orient Line:

CAN OFFER RETURNED SINGLE TOURIST PASSAGE MELBOURNE IN ORION SAILING DECEMBER 3 HOLDING OPEN FOR YOU TILL MIDDAY NOVEMBER 22.

November 22 was in two days' time, and if she took this she would have to sail within a fortnight. Her first reaction was that she couldn't possibly go. It was too soon; she hadn't made up her mind. She got the telegram on her return from work; Shirley Hyman was out that evening, and there was nobody else with whom she could discuss the matter.

It was impossible for Jennifer to stay in her room that evening; she was too worried and restless. She had her tea in an abstracted daze, and walked across the heath and took a train for Charing Cross, knowing that it was in her power to have done with that heath and with that train. It was not raining but the night was cold and windy; the chilly draughts whipped round her on the platform in the darkness. In Australia it would be high summer. . . .

The train was unheated due to fuel shortages, and she was very cold by the time she got to Charing Cross. She went out of the station and turned eastwards up the Strand, and there she met a disappointment. She had hoped that the bright lights and the traffic would be stimulating and cheerful, and that England would hold out a hand there for her to hang on to. But the shop windows were all dark because of fuel rationing, and the Strand seemed sombre and deserted, with little life.

WARMTH and feeling were coming back into her as she passed Waterloo Bridge. She went on past the Law Courts, down Fleet Street, empty and dark but for the street lamps and the lights and clamour from the newspaper offices. By the time she reached the bottom of Ludgate Hill she was warm and comfortable again and beginning to wonder why she had come there, and where she was heading for. There was no point in walking on into the City. She moved up the hill at a slower pace, looking for a bus-stop, and so she came to St. Paul's Cathedral, an immense black mass towering up into the darkness from the blitz desolation that surrounded it.

She moved towards it, and stood staring at the mass of masonry. This was the sort of thing that Australia would never have to show her, this masterpiece of Wren. If she left England she would be leaving this for ever, and a hundred other beauties of the same kind that the new country could never show her. She stood there thinking of these things, and two devastating little words came into her mind—so what?

Would she miss it very much? She tried to examine her own feelings, and she said to herself: "Well, there it is. Now, am I getting a great thrill out of it?" She had to confess within her own mind that she wasn't. The enormous, inert mass of masonry meant little to her; there was nothing in those great columns of stone to affect her decision one way or the other.

She turned back towards the West End, rather thoughtful. A bus came rattling by and stopped near her; she ran and got on to it, and rode back up Fleet Street. She got off at Charing Cross and walked on to Trafalgar Square. She stood by St. Martin-in-the-Fields for a time looking round her, at the National Gallery, the Nelson Column, the Admiralty Arch, the long broad way that was Whitehall. Here was the centre of her country, the very essence of it. Here were the irreplaceable things that she would have to do without if she left England. Surely, that would be unbearable?

She felt that there must be something wrong with her, because she knew that it wouldn't be unbearable at all. In fact, she didn't much care if she never saw any of them again.

She had a queer feeling now that she was becoming a stranger in her own country, that she no longer fitted in. She had to consult her parents in Leicester about this matter of the passage, and there was so little time. She thought for a few minutes and then went diffidently into the Charing Cross Hotel and spoke to the girl at the desk, and ordered coffee and biscuits in the writing-room, and sat down to write to her parents.

She put the matter very simply to them, and asked them to telegraph her to advise her what to do.

Then she went by Underground to St. Pancras Station and posted her letter in the special box upon the platform, so that it would get to them next morning.

She got a telegram from them in answer when she returned from work next day. It read:

THINK YOU HAD BETTER GO BUT COME HOME FOR A FEW DAYS FIRST OUR DEAREST LOVE.

DADDY AND MUMMY.

She sailed a fortnight later for Australia in the *Orion*.

* * *

The man with the crushed fingers got down awkwardly from the cab of the rickety, dust-covered truck into the timber road; his mate climbed over the tailboard and dropped down into the road beside him. He raised a hand to the driver. "Thanks, Jack. We'll be right." The door of the cab slammed to, the engine roared, and the truck moved on, swaying and lurching down the unmetalled road in a great cloud of dust.

The two men stood together at the entrance to the timber camp. The wooden hutments stood in a forest in a valley. A little river ran beyond the buildings and a mountain climbed up steeply beyond that, covered in eucalyptus gum trees, full of brilliantly coloured parrots. The buildings stood among the trees for shade from the hot Australian sunlight, blazing down out of a cloudless sky.

"This way," one man said. "Down here, fourth hut along."

They turned into the camp; the hand of the injured man was wrapped in a bloodstained rag, and he walked with it thrust into his open shirt as in a sling. He asked, "What's the fellow's name?"

"Splinter," said his mate. "He'll fix you up."

"What's his real name?"

"Splinter—that's all the name he's got. He's right, as good as any doctor."

"Company ought to keep a bloody doctor here," the injured man said. "They've got no right to carry on with just a first-aid box. One day someone's going to cop it proper, and I hope it's Mr. Bloody Forrest."

"Hurting bad?"

The injured man swore. "I'll go down to the Jig tonight; get good and tight."

They went into the fourth hut by the door in its end, and into a central corridor of bare, unpainted, rather dirty wood. The uninjured man opened a door at random and said to a man inside, "Say, Jack—which is Splinter's room?"

"Last on the left, down by the washroom."

THEY went down the passage to the last room and opened the door. There was a man inside sitting on the bed reading an old newspaper, a lean, swarthy, black-haired man about thirty-five years old. He looked up as they entered.

"Aw, Splinter," said the uninjured man, "this is Fred." The dark man smiled, and nodded slightly. "He got his hand mucked up."

The man got up from the bed. "Let me see." He spoke with a pronounced Central European accent.

The other turned to go. "I'll get along, Fred. You'll be right."

The injured man withdrew his hand from his shirt and began to unwrap the bloodstained rags carefully, with fingers that trembled a little. The man called Splinter noted that, and stopped him. "Wait, and sit down—on the bed." He switched on the current to a china electric jug and dropped a few instruments into it to boil.

Then he rolled up his sleeves and took a white enamel bowl and a bottle of disinfectant from the cupboard and went out to the bathroom; he came back with his hands washed and sterile and with warm water in the bowl. He moved the bare wooden table to a convenient position in front of the man and waited till the water in the jug boiled, opening a packet of lint while he waited, and adding a little disinfectant to the water in the bowl.

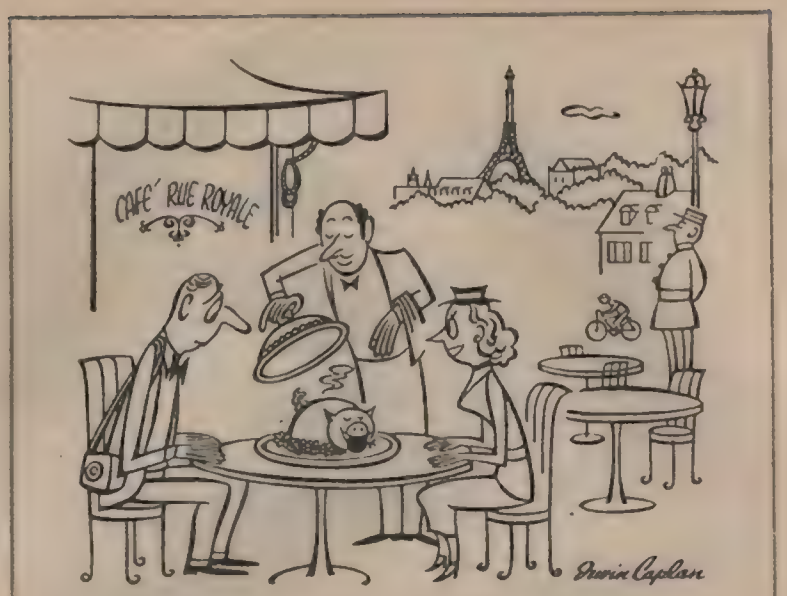
Presently, "This is a bad injury," he said softly. "It must hurt you a great deal. Now, let me see if it is possible that you can move the fingers. Just bend a little, to show that you can move them. This one . . . so. And now this one . . . so. And this one . . . so. That is good. It hurts very much now, but a fortnight's holiday and it will soon be well."

"Cripes," said the man, "is it going to hurt like this a fortnight?"

"It will not hurt when I have done with it," the dark man said. "Not unless you hit it. You must wear it in a sling till it is well, and keep it carefully. I must now hurt you a little more. Will you like whisky?"

"Thanks, chum."

The dark man produced a bottle of Australian whisky from the cupboard



"So you can read a French menu like a native, can you? Well, here come our scrambled eggs"

and poured out half a tumbler full. The patient took it and sat drinking it neat in little gulps while the other worked. "What is your name?"

"Fred. Fred Carter."

"Where did you do this, Fred?"

"Up on the shoulder."

"And how did it happen?"

"Loading two-foot sticks on a ten-wheeler." He meant tree trunks two feet in diameter on to a trailed truck. "The chain broke and the stick rolled back. Whipped me crowbar back'n pinched me hand on to the next stick down."

The dark man nodded gravely. "Now, this will hurt you. I am sorry, but it must be done."

Presently it was all over, the hand bandaged and in a sling. The injured man sat white-faced, the shock gradually subsiding as he smoked a cigarette given to him by the doctor, and finished the whisky. "Say, chum," he asked, "what's your name?"

"Zlinter," the dark man said, "Carl Zlinter. Most people call me Splinter here."

"Where do you come from?"

"I am from Czechoslovakia. In Pilsen I was born."

"How long have you been here?"

"It is fifteen months that I have come to Australia."

"Where did you learn doctoring?"

"I was a doctor in my own country, at home."

"A real doctor?"

THE dark man nodded. "In Prague I qualified, in 1936. After that I was in hospital appointment, in Pilsen, my own town. And after that, I was doctor in the army." He did not say which army.

"Cripes. Then you know all about it."

The Czech smiled. "I am not doctor any longer. I am timberman. In Australia I may not be a doctor, unless to go back to medical school for three years. So I am timberman."

He stubbed out his cigarette and got up, and went to the cupboard and shook out some white tablets into the palm of his hand. "Go back to your camp and go to bed," he said. "I will tell Mr. Forrest for you, that you cannot work. Go to bed, and take three of these tablets, and the pain will go away. If it comes back in the night, take these other three. Come back and see me after tea on Sunday, and I will change the dressings for you."

"Aw look," the man said. "I was going down to the Jig tonight to get tight."

Carl Zlinter smiled. "It is your hand. It will hurt very bad if you go down to the Jig, because you will hit it without knowing, and it will hurt very bad. If you go to bed it will not hurt."

He turned to the cupboard; the bottle of whisky was about one-third full. He gave it to the man. "Take this," he said, "and get tight in bed. But go to bed."

"Aw, look chum, I can't take your grog. And say, how much is it?"

"There is nothing to be paid," the Czech said. "Mr. Forrest, he pays for the dressings and the disinfectant. The whisky—you can shout for me down at the Jig one day, but not tonight." He smiled. "See you Sunday."

Fred Carter went away with the bottle, and Zlinter wondered if he would go to bed, or whether he would drink the bottle and go down to the pub at Merrijig just the same. The labour camps were by the sawmills at Lamirra, four miles from Merrijig and seventeen miles from Banbury, the nearest town. By Victorian law the hotel was supposed to close its bar at six o'clock in the evening; in fact, it stayed wide open day and night, and the police connived at it, congratulating themselves upon the simple stratagem that kept the drunks out of town.

It was a Friday evening; the timbermen worked a forty-hour week on five days, and Saturday and Sunday were holidays. Carl Zlinter was a fisherman, and December was the finest month in the year for trout fishing in the deserted mountain streams. When Fred Carter had gone away, he began to prepare his rods for the weekend; he had a spinning rod and a fly rod, but the rivers were too shallow and too swift for spinning, and he preferred to fish wet fly.

He cleared away the litter of his dressings, sterilized his instruments again in the electric jug, and washed out the basin, and then set to work to make up a cast of flies, and to pack his rucksack.

The Delatite River flowed past Lamirra near his camp, but it was too small and too overgrown to fish just there, and down by Merrijig it was fished by many others. Zlinter had developed a weekend of fishing which took him into the wild, almost untrodden forest country he loved.

There was a forest ranger living in the Howqua valley, a man called Billy Slim, rather over forty years of age, who lived alone with a few horses and was glad of any company; when the solitude became oppressive he would ride out to the hotel at Merrijig and spend the evening there. Billy had a bed for anyone who came his way, and Carl Zlinter was in the habit of fishing down the Howqua to Billy's place on Saturday, staying the night with him, fishing up the river again on the Sunday and so back to the camp by the way that he had come.

So far, he was delighted with Australia. He had to work for two years in the woods in return for his free passage from the Displaced Persons' camp in Germany, and he was enjoying every minute of it. He had nobody to consider but himself. His father and mother had been killed in the Russian advance that surged through Pilsen late in 1944. He had heard nothing of his brother since 1943, and he believed him to be dead. He had never married; the war had begun soon after he was qualified, and he was not a man to marry unless he could see, at any rate a little way, into the future.

HE had remained unattached throughout his service in the German Army and through the long ignominy of the peace, when he had worked as a doctor in various Displaced Persons' camps.

When finally the reduction of the D.P. camps gave him the chance to go to Australia with one of the last batches of emigrants, he was almost glad of the condition that he should not practise as a doctor; he would have to work for two years as a labourer wherever he might be directed, and then if he still wished to be a doctor in Victoria he would have to repeat the last three years of his medical student's course. Medicine had brought him nothing but the most intimate contact with the squalor and distress of unsuccessful war; when the time came to choose his labour he elected to be a lumberman because he loved the deep woods and the mountains, and he put medicine behind him without regret.

In the meantime he was well clothed and fed, paid highly by the European standard, and given so much leisure that he could get in two days' trout fishing every week.

He left the camp at about seven o'clock that Saturday morning before the day grew hot, with his rucksack on his back and his fly-rod in his hand in its cloth case. He got to the river soon after ten and put up his rod and began to fish down-stream, wading in the cool water in his normal working boots and trousers.

About midday, he went to Billy's place. The ranger greeted him with pleasure. "Come fishing?"

"If I may, I would like to spend the night."

"You'll be right. Put your stuff in the end room; I got Jack Dorman coming over, with Alec Fisher. Know them?"

Zlinter shook his head. "I do not know them."

"Aw, well, Jack Dorman, he's got a property just by the Jig. Thought maybe you might know him. Alec Fisher, he's agent for the Australian Mercantile in Banbury. They're coming out to do a bit of fishing."

Zlinter smiled. "We shall crowd you out tonight with a large party."

"Too right. Makes a change to have a bit of company now and then."

Carl Zlinter left his rucksack in the end room and went down to the river, cleaned the two fish, and left them in Billy's larder for the evening. He had brought a sandwich lunch with him from the camp canteen; he went down to the river again and fished on down-stream for a little. No fish were moving in the heat of the day; he gave it up after half an hour, and found a shade tree standing in the middle of a grassy sward by the river, and sat down under it to eat his lunch. After he had finished, he lit a cigarette and sat quietly, quite happy, enjoying the peace.

He stubbed his cigarette out on a stone, or what he took to be a stone, in the meadow beneath the tree. He looked at the stone curiously, and it was not a stone at all, but a piece of brick.

He looked about him with interest. Half buried in the grass was a low rubble of brick. Beside it, on the level grassy sward, was a series of rectangular mounds, more like discolorations of the pasture. He studied these for a minute while his mind, accustomed to the solitude of the Howqua, refused to accept the evidence.

Then he woke up to the realization of the fact that there had been a house there at one time.

This part of Australia had been first explored barely a hundred years before. The house must have been built and lived in, and deserted, and ruined all in less than a hundred years.

It did not seem possible. He stood looking at the grass for a time, deeply puzzled; then he put it out of his mind for the time being, and walked over to the stream, and stepped out into the shallows and began to cast his fly. He would ask Billy Slim about it that evening.

When he got to the shack, later, the two newcomers were there, a heavy man of fifty-five or sixty that was Jack Dorman, and a younger man, perhaps of forty-five, Alec Fisher. They greeted him shortly; they were not unfriendly, but waiting for this New Australian from the lumber camp to disclose himself before showing themselves particularly cordial.

Carl Zlinter raised the matter of his discovery with the forest ranger over supper. "I have found what seems to have been formerly a house," he said. "In a pasture, where two horses are. There is a big tree, and under there are bricks, all in grass and very old. Was there a house at one time?"

The ranger said, "You mean, where the river makes a turn under a big granite bluff? About a quarter of a mile down?"

"That is the place. There is a fast, dark pool."

"Too right, there was a house," the ranger said. "That was the hotel. My dad kept it, but that was before I was born."

Jack Dorman said, "Your dad kept the hotel, did he? I never knew that."

"One of them," the ranger said. "There was three hotels. He kept the best one, the Buller Arms. Two storeys, it was, with bedrooms. Used day and night, those bedrooms were, from what I've heard."

"Like that, was it?" said Alec Fisher.

"My word," the ranger said, "these gold towns were all the same. Booze and dancing girls and all sorts."

Carl Zlinter said, "Was there a town then?"

"My word," the ranger said again. "It was a big place at one time, over three hundred people. You'll find the adit to the mine up in the trees there. There was houses all over this valley flat. Why, there was even a cemetery, beyond a big red stone bluff down by the river. You can still see it."

"I knew there was a town here," Alec Fisher said. "What happened? Did the gold run out?"

"I don't think there was ever much gold there. In 1893 it started, but it never really paid. It ran for ten years and then it bust, in 1903."

"That's right," said Fisher. "Everyone was gold mad at that time."

"How did they get all the stuff in?" asked Jack Dorman. "The track's not so good."

BILLY SLIM thought about it. "They had a regular road up from the Jig, and brought it in in bullock wagons. I remember the road in here when I was a boy; you could have driven a car down it, easy. But trees grow up pretty quick, 'n nobody came in here when the mine shut down."

Carl Zlinter asked, "What happened to the houses?"

"There's been a fire through the valley twice at least," the ranger said, "in 1910 and 1939. I come here first when I was just a nipper, in the first war some time. I don't remember seeing any houses. There's not much left of houses after a fire's been through," he said. "Only just the brick chimneys, and they soon fall down. Most of the places would have had a wooden chimney, too."

"You can't do anything about a thing like that," said Fisher. "You can't stop a fire from spreading with these gum trees."

Jack Dorman was looking at Zlinter. "Where do you come from?" he asked.

"From Czechoslovakia," the other said. "In Pilsen I was born."

The names meant nothing to the Australian. "Working up at Lamina?"

"That is right. I work there for two years."

"Like it?"

"I like it very much. It is like Czechoslovakia, with the forests and the mountains. I would rather be working here than in the city."

"You speak pretty good English," said Jack Dorman curiously. "D'you learn it since you came out here?"

The other shook his head. "I learned English at school, and then for nearly five years I was in Germany, where many people now speak English, in the

TAKE MY TIP

WHEN you're hot and thirsty, a refrigerator ice container that is frozen solid to the shelf is maddening. So I always dry the bottom of the container very thoroughly and then smear on a little glycerin. I do the same to the shelves. This prevents the container from freezing and allows it to slide in and out easily.—Mrs. R. K. Wright, London, N.2.

JOHN BULL *pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to TAKE MY TIP,* JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

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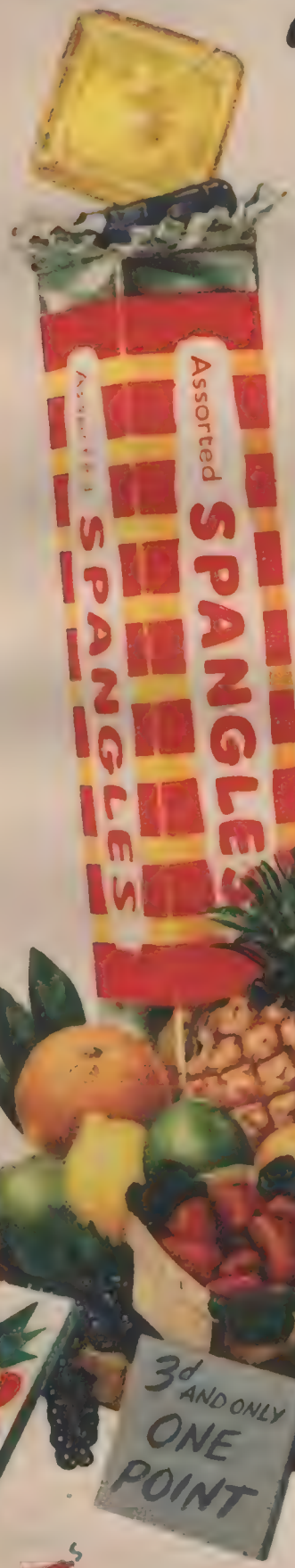

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Priscilla (on the left) and Elizabeth Fry are identical twins. Even experts can't see any difference between Priscilla's Toni and her sister's expensive perm. Can you?

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Toni **Home Perm**

JUST LIKE NATURALLY CURLY HAIR

camps and with the officers. Also, I have been here now for fifteen months, and perhaps I have improved."

"What's it like, coming to Australia from Europe, now?"

"It is good," the Czech said. "It is a good country, plenty to eat and to drink, and plenty of freedom."

"You've got plenty of freedom, working for two years in the woods."

The other shrugged his shoulders. "I like the woods and the mountains. It is not cruel to me, to send me here."

Alec Fisher said, "Lot of people coming out here to this country now."

"My word," said Jack Dorman. "My wife's got a niece, an English girl, arriving in about a fortnight's time. Seems like it's better out here now than it is in England."

With the assistance of a bottle of Scotch whisky produced by Alec Fisher, they settled down to an evening of local gossip.

They were all up soon after dawn, to take advantage of the cool of the day when fish feed well. They had a quick breakfast of eggs and bacon, and split up for the day's fishing. They tossed a coin for who should go alone, and Alec Fisher won; he started off up-stream. Carl Zlinter and Jack Dorman went down-stream having arranged to fish alternate pools, leap-frogging each other.

They fished on down-stream for an hour or so, catching a few fish and exchanging a word or two when they overtook each other. Presently Carl Zlinter, going on ahead, came to a red stone bluff upon the right side of the river, and a memory of the conversation of the night before came to his mind.

Jack Dorman was not far behind him. He sat down and waited for the grazier by a little rapid; when he came, Carl said, "There is the red bluff that Billy spoke about. Somewhere here is the cemetery of the old town of Howqua."

The Australian grunted. "Want to go and look for it?"

"It is a pity to be here and not to see it," the Czech said.

"He said it was behind a tree-trunk lying along the bank, didn't he?"

"There is a tree-trunk, there. Perhaps that is the one."

They laid the rods down on a boulder by the rapid, and pushed their way through the scrub that lined the river. Away from the water there were wattle trees in bloom among the gum trees of the forest, vivid splashes of a bright mimosa colour in the dappled sunlight. For a time they saw nothing of the cemetery; they moved down the bank in the forest, keeping near the river. Presently Jack Dorman spied a leaning headstone, and they were there.

There was not much to see; three leaning headstones, and four or five lying on their faces on the ground, partly covered in creepers and rubbish. If there had been a fence at any time it had gone the way of the houses in the forest fires; if there had been wooden crosses marking graves, fire and ants had taken them. Jack Dorman bent to read the lichened names carved on the three headstones still erect. Peter Quillman of Tralee, Ireland. Samuel Tregarren of St. Columb, Cornwall.

He came to the third headstone and stood staring at it, amazed. "Hey, Zlinter!" he said. "This some relation of yours?"

They stooped together and read:

Here lies
CHARLIE ZLINTER and his dog.
Born at Pilsen, Bohemia, 1869.
Died August 18th, 1902.

The Czech read it carefully, in silence. Then he looked up at the grazier, smiling a little. "That is my name," he said, "—Carl Zlinter, and I was born at Pilsen in Bohemia. Of all the things that have happened in my life, this is the most strange."

* * *

The Dormans left Leonora for their holiday in Melbourne on New Year's Day. They drove down in the old Chevrolet utility leaving Mario in charge of the station and taking Tim Archer with them, sitting all three in the front seat and with four suitcases in the truck body.

They went with an air of festival excitement. Thinking back over their long married life, Jack and Jane had been unable to remember when they had last gone away together for a real holiday; there had been trips to Melbourne for various business reasons, always cramped and curtailed by the need for rigorous economy and by the need to get back quickly to the station. Certainly, they had not had a genuine holiday for at least ten years.

Jane Dorman had heard from Jennifer that she was coming to Australia and that she proposed to take a job at once in Melbourne, and would like to come out to Merrijig to see them as soon as she could get a holiday. Jane thought this a bad idea; the *Orion* was due to dock in Melbourne on January 3 and they had put forward the date of their holiday to meet the ship. There had been no time to write to Jennifer before she sailed, but Jane had written to her at Port Said and at Colombo urging her to come back with them to Leonora for a short visit before taking a job in the city; she was arriving at the hottest time of the year, Jane said, and office work in Melbourne might be trying till the end of February for anybody just arrived from England, especially if the summer was a hot one.

It was hot the day that they drove down from Merrijig; at midday the shade temperature in the country was in the nineties.

They stopped at Bonnie Doon for the cold, light Australian beer, and at Buxton for lunch. By four o'clock they were running into Melbourne, perhaps the pleasantest city in the Commonwealth, and at four-twenty they drew up in front of the Windsor Hotel.

Tim took the utility away and the Dormans went up to their bedroom; a fine, lofty room with plenty of cupboards and a bath. After the constrictions of their rather mediocre station homestead it seemed like a palace to them; the hard years fell behind them, and for the moment they were young again. "Jack," said Jane, "don't let's see anyone tonight. Let's just have a very, very good dinner and go to a theatre. Any theatre."

"Don't you want to see Angie?"

"Angie can wait till tomorrow," said her mother. "I want to see a theatre. Angie's probably seen them all. Let's go out alone."

"All right," he said. "I'll go down and see what we can get seats for."

She said, "And I want a bottle of champagne with dinner."

"My word," he said. "What'll I order for dinner—mutton?"

"You dare! Oysters and roast duck, or as near as you can get to it."

They went out presently and walked slowly in the heat down the tree-shaded slope of Collins Street, tacking from side to side to look at the shops. Jane said presently, "I know what I want to buy."

"What's that?"

"A picture."

"A picture for the wall—for the homestead, you mean?"

"That's right."

He was silent. He would never have thought of it himself. It was a woman's idea. It was Jane's idea. He looked at her with a little furtive sentimentality. She was like a girl again.

There was nothing in the shops she cared for very much. They arranged to go to a gallery the following day. They went back to the hotel, and rested for a time in the lounge with glasses of cold beer, and dined, and went out to see a show, and laughed themselves silly. They got up late by their standards next day, and early by those of the hotel, and went down to their breakfast in the dining-room. As country folk they were accustomed to a cooked breakfast and the hotel was accustomed to station people; half a pound of steak with two fried eggs on top of it was just far enough removed from normal to provide a pleasant commencement for the day from Jack. Jane ate more modestly, three kidneys on toast and a quarter of a pound of bacon. Fortified for their day's work they set out to look at pictures with a view to buying one.

The first gallery they went to was full of pictures of the central Australian desert. The Dormans wandered, nonplussed, from one mountain picture to another, all glowing in rosy tints, all quite flat upon the canvas, with queer childish brown scrawls in the foreground that might be construed as aboriginals. A few newspaper clippings, pinned to the wall, hailed the artist as one of the outstanding landscape painters of the century.

They came out of the gallery depressed, and went to another. This one had thirty-five oil paintings hung around the walls. Each picture depicted a vase of flowers standing on a polished table that reflected the flowers and a curtain draped behind; thirty-five oil paintings all carefully executed, all with the same motif. A few newspaper cuttings pinned up announced the artist as the outstanding flower painter of the century.

The last exhibition that they visited that morning was of paintings and sculpture; at the door a newspaper cutting informed them that the artist was a genius at the interpretation of Australia. The centre of the floor was occupied by a large block of polished mulga wood with a hole in it, of no recognizable shape or form, poised at eye level on a stand, that you might admire it better. Beneath it was the title, "Design for Life."

"Like that one to take home?" asked Jack. He glanced at the catalogue. "It's only seventy-five guineas. . . ."

Jane said: "I want a cup of tea."

Over the tea, in a nearby café, she said that she was through with picture galleries. "I know what I want," she said, "but it's not here. I want a picture that an ordinary person can enjoy, not someone who's half mad. I'll find it some day."

He said tentatively: "There might be time to go down and pick up the Mercury before dinner. . . ."

"Let's do that," she said. It was time he had a bit of pleasure.

The new utility was a very lovely motor-car, a low, flowing dark green thing with more art in it than anything that they had seen that day. Twenty minutes before lunchtime it became their property, and they got into it, thrilled by the new possession, and drove it very carefully and slowly to park it in the Treasury Gardens.

"We must ring Angie," Jane said. "See her this afternoon." Their daughter was staying for a few days with a college friend in Toorak, the most fashionable suburb of the city.

Her father said: "Maybe we could run her out into the country somewhere. She might like a drive. . . ."

Angela Dorman was in fact driving in their utility at that moment, with Tim Archer. He had picked her up in the old Chevrolet that morning and was driving her southwards to bathe in Port Phillip Bay, thirty miles from the city. He had collected a lunch of sandwiches and soft drinks and they had set off at about twelve o'clock; they were now coming to the beach that was their destination.

Angela Dorman was twenty years old; she was taking Social Studies at Melbourne University and was just about to start upon her third and last year. She was a well-built blonde girl, superbly healthy. Like many Australian girls, a country life in her early years with an abundance of good food, plenty of riding, plenty of swimming, and the good Australian climate had made her a magnificent physical specimen; she would have graced a magazine cover in any country of the world. Now she was going through that phase of youth that can find nothing good in its own country; in Australia the only places that could satisfy her were Melbourne or Sydney, and her one ambition was to escape altogether from Australia to a rose-tinted and glamorous England.

She had known Tim Archer for three years, since he had come to work for her father at Leonora. She knew that he was devoted to her in the inarticulate, dumb manner of a dog. She found him slow and unenterprising, without much interest in the world outside Victoria; a typical country boy. For all her restlessness she had enough of her father's shrewd common sense not to throw away lightly something that she might want later on; she was sufficiently realist to know that she might not find so steady an affection easily again. She left most of his letters unanswered, but she was kind to him when they met, and when he had rung her up and asked her to come swimming down past Mornington she had

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

Here you see me with Rusty, my Shetland pony, at Moulton Paddocks, grandfather's home near Newmarket. Rusty and I had wonderful times together when, with my sister Mary, I used to visit my great-aunt each year.

It was always sad leaving Rusty behind when we went to St. Giles's House, Verwood, to be with Cousin Cuckoo, the Countess of Shaftesbury. From there we would go to grandfather's villa in Switzerland, 6,000 feet up on Riderhorn, with breath-taking views of glacial sunsets and sometimes Mont Blanc on a clear day. Those trips were always exciting, for the villa could only be reached on mule back.

Another spot I loved was Classiebawn, father's place in the west of Ireland. The castle stood on a thumb of land prodding the windy Atlantic—next parish America! In August the wind dropped, and we bathed, fished, rode, picnicked, and went to church on Sundays very demurely in a trap.

One year grandfather chartered a liner and took all his friends on a cruise to Norway and Spitzbergen. That cruise is memorable for what happened on the day we left England. I had lately been fitted with a dental brace to correct the shape of my teeth. I was told not to play with it, definitely not to turn it over in my mouth with my tongue.

Just how the tragedy occurred I will never understand. But I remember leaning over the rail of the ship, hearing the sickening splash, and staring in horror at the spot where the brace vanished.

Little of that voyage remains in my memory. The midnight sun, the whaling stations, the beauties of Spitzbergen itself—all are obliterated by the scene in the cabin when, two days later, I summoned up the courage to confess!

Ten years later she married a sailor, and today she is famous both as his wife and in her own right. *For her name, turn to page 31*

put off another engagement to go out with him.

They parked the old utility beside the road, took their lunch and bathing gear, and walked down through the tea trees to the beach. They had it practically to themselves, that little beach; they went back into the tea trees to change, and came out in their bathers, wearing dark glasses to sit and sun themselves a little before going in. Then they swam in the hot sunshine, keeping an eye open for the possible shark; although they were both strong swimmers, like most Australians they did not venture very far from shore.

They came out presently and sat drying in the sun on the hot sand till they began to burn; then they moved into the shade of the tea trees and got out their lunch. Over the cigarettes he broached the subject that was foremost in his mind.

"Coming up to Leonora soon?" he asked.

"I suppose so," she said reluctantly. "I'm going to spend a week or so in Sydney with Susie Martin at the end of the month. I suppose I'll have to go home for a bit before that."

"It's nice up there now," he offered. "Cooler than the city."

"There's nothing to do there," she replied. "It's different for you. You've got a job to do. When I come home there's nothing to do but help mummy with the cooking and washing-up. There's nobody to talk to."

"I know," he said patiently. "It must seem a bit slow."

She turned towards him. "Don't you ever get tired of sheep—seeing the same sheep every day?"

"There's the beef cattle," he said slowly and quite seriously. "They make a bit of a change."

"Must they *always* be fish paste?"

She was silent. She knew that she ought to take an interest in the property that had given her the university, and pretty clothes, and leisure; she knew that the fault lay in her. "I can't stand the country," she said quietly.

He knew that what she said was true, and it was painful to hear her say it. "What are you going to do when you leave the university?" he asked. "Get a job in the city?"

She said: "I want to go to England."

"What's the matter with Australia?" he asked in his slow way.

"It's so small, so petty, and so new," she said. "Everything we think about or talk about—everything that's worth while—comes from England. We're such second-raters here. I want to go home and work in London and be in the centre of things and meet some first-class people. I want to be where things really happen, things that are important in the world."

"You don't get enough to eat in England."

"That's all nonsense. The children's health at home is as good as it is here."

"What would you do in London?" he asked presently.

"I'd like to get a job with a hospital," she said. "An almoner or social work of some kind, with one of the big London hospitals. If I could get that, it'd be a job worth doing."

He digested this slowly. "Do you know this girl Jennifer Morton that your ma's come down to meet?"

She shook her head. "I've never seen her, nor has ma. I don't think any of us know much about her."

"She worked in London, so your ma was saying. She might be able to give you a few tips."

"I want to meet her. Be somebody to talk to up at Leonora, anyway," the girl said.

He lay propped on one elbow on the warm sand, staring out at the sunlit beach and the blue sea. He was trying not to keep looking at her, but it was difficult to keep his eyes under control. "When do you suppose you'll be going?" he asked at last.

"About this time next year," she said. "I've not told the parents yet, but it's what I want to do. I think they'll let me—if the wool keeps up."

"How long do you think you'll be gone for?"

She stared down at the sand and traced a little pattern on it with one finger. "I don't know," she said. "I'd rather work in London than work here. I might never come back."

"Bit hard on your dad and ma," he said.

"I know. That's what makes it difficult." She paused. "I ought to be home by five, Tim," she said. "I must see dad and ma this evening."

"Too right. Your dad won't worry, because he was taking over the new Mercury today. Your ma will want to see you, though. Like me to run you straight to the hotel, or do you want to go back to Toorak first?"

She thought for a moment. "I'd better go back to Toorak. I can't go straight to the Windsor like this."

"I'll run you back and wait while you change and take you on to the hotel."

"Will you, Tim? That's terribly sweet of you."

He coloured a little, and she noticed it, and knew that she had been a shade too kind. "That's all right," he said gruffly. "We'd better get changed and get on the road, if you want to be at the hotel by five."

At eight o'clock next morning the *Orion* docked with Jennifer on board. Jane Dorman had written to her again at Freemantle, and Jennifer had replied agreeing to go to Leonora for a few days before she came back to the city to take a job.

When she met the Dormans on the way to the Customs, she was surprised in one or two respects. For one thing, they were smarter than she had expected them to be. Jack Dorman, in a new grey suit, heavy though he might be, was better dressed than her father, and Jane Dorman, though her hands were worn and old, was smart in a new black and white coat and skirt. Their daughter, Angela, was with them, rather younger than Jennifer, but even better turned out than her parents; Jennifer felt pale and shabby in comparison with this glorious young woman.

As she approached them, Jane Dorman got up to meet her; in the crowd of passengers and friends, she came straight to Jennifer. "It's Jennifer Morton, isn't it?" she said. "I'm Jane Dorman."

Jennifer said: "How did you know me, Mrs. Dorman?"

Jane said: "You've got a look of your grandmother about you, my Aunt Ethel. I knew you right away."

Then there were introductions, and inquiries about the passage and the business of the luggage. The Dormans had brought both utilities to the pier-head and Tim Archer was sitting in the Chevrolet below. Presently Jennifer was passing through the Customs, and then her suitcases and trunk were down in the new Ford utility, and she was free into Australia.

To be continued next week

LION ON A LEAD

Continued from page 13

of a peacock. Then came the groan and rumble of the lions again, surging up and down on the hot summer air.

"Could you strangle a lion, Granddad?" said Jamie.

"I could have a damn' good try," said grandfather. "If any man could, I could."

"So could I," said Jamie.

"Don't boast," said grandfather.

Now, still moving very slowly, they reached the Green, where they found Bruce still playing with the Alsatian and the Great Dane.

"That Dane's a fine dog," said grandfather, pointing with his stick. "He needs exercise with a horse. Why, he's as big as a young lion. Just the right colour, too. He'd look like a lion with a mane on him, wouldn't he, grandson?"

Grandfather laughed again.

"I saw a lion on a lead once," said Jamie.

"Nonsense, boy," said grandfather.

"Yes, I *did*," said Jamie.

"A lion on a lead. Ha, ha!" said grandfather. "That's a good fib."

"But I did. I did," said Jamie angrily. He could see it now: a huge leather collar and a chain, and a lion.

"Don't talk rubbish," said grandfather. "It was a big dog you saw on a lead, not a lion."

"Perhaps he dreamt it," said mother.

Now grandfather's mood seemed suddenly to have changed. He was cross. He wanted mother to go for a walk with him, but she said it was impossible. He told her she wasted her time; she ought to send servants to do her shopping, or else order everything over the phone.

"Fuss, fuss, fuss," he said, "you women *will* fuss. Your dear old mother was just the same."

They hustled off, leaving grandfather standing by himself, looking at the Great Dane. There are some things, he thought, that women will never understand. He ground his stick into the gravel path in his annoyance. He ground it so hard that it snapped in half. This sign of his own strength put him in a good humour again. He bought himself a new stick and went to his club, walking with his slow shambling step, rather like an old bear on its hind legs, uncertain of its balance.

There was no one in the smoking-room when grandfather looked in. He hated an empty club room. The bar, also, was almost empty, but there were two men standing and talking in quiet voices at one end. Grandfather ordered a double whisky and stood cupping his hand to his ear, trying to hear what they were saying.

He soon decided that they were talking insipid nonsense. One of them was Spendlove, the retired bank manager. The other was that ass Peter Merrion. Spendlove kept on saying: "Yes, of course, Lord Merrion," and "Well, I look at it this way, Lord Merrion." Another ass.

After a while grandfather could not refrain from breaking in. "Bosh. Utter bosh, my dear Peter," he said. "For God's sake stop talking tripe, and have another glass of sherry."

One or two other men had now come into the bar, but they all seemed a little shocked at grandfather's remarks. Grandfather laughed loudly and saw the whole scene a little distantly. This provincial club was a damn' poor place compared with his own club in Pall Mall. There were people of consequence there: admirals, and chairmen of companies, and rectors of universities, and famous K.C.s; they would not have allowed this sickening rubbish. But these provincials actually treated Peter Merrion as if he were someone important. Grandfather told the story about strangling the Alsatian, and another story about a friend of his who had wrestled with a half-grown lion cub. Then he stayed in the bar drinking whisky and trying in vain to find a companion. The whole place seemed dead and alive, and when he went into the dining-room there was no one there. How can a man strangle a lion if you don't feed him, he thought.

He went back to his lodgings, shouting as he came into the hall: "What have you got for my lunch?"

It was a week later. Grandfather took Jamie to the zoo. "Come on, Jamie," he said. "We'll show 'em we aren't frightened. We'll have a jolly good afternoon, won't we?"

Jamie set off with his hand in grandfather's. He was not really very keen on going to the zoo. He had lived near it all his life, and it seemed to him to be a place that you visited when there was not much else to do. Grandfather, however, had seemed to take it as a matter of course that Jamie would want to go to the zoo, and had not listened to his other suggestion that they should stand on the station bridge and look at engines. Presently, a little bored at their slow walk, the boy slipped his hand out of the old man's and ran on in front of him, and then ran back again.

"Parrots first," said Jamie, when they had passed through the gates of the zoo.

"Stuff and nonsense," said grandfather. "Who cares for parrots?"

"Then monkeys," said Jamie.

"Silly animals," said grandfather. He walked as rapidly as he could across green lawns and round gravel paths, till they came to the lion cages. A lion and a lioness were lying side by side in one cage, quite still, and looking solemnly out over the heads of Jamie and grandfather into the distance. It was a weekday afternoon and there were very few people in the gardens. They seemed to have the lions all to themselves.

"H'm, h'm," grunted grandfather. "Young ones. Not up to much. I like 'em bigger. Come on, boy, we'll go inside. That's what we'll do. There are some more inside."

Directly they were inside the lion house they seemed to walk into a solid atmosphere of lion. The only light came from glass panes in the roof, and, reflecting back from the sawdust in the cages and on the floor, all the air seemed to be lion colour. The smell was almost overpowering, and the cages were so small that the lions appeared to be on top of them. There were two or three

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lions padding about in their cages. They all seemed rather restless and annoyed and one was rattling violently at a big steel door that kept him from the part of the cage outside.

Grandfather seized Jamie's hand and drew him to another cage, as close to the cage as they could stand. "Here's a big old man for you," he said. It was a huge lion with a thick brown mane that looked rather as if he were the father of all the others. Grandfather poked his stick in between the bars and rattled. The lion gave a subdued, grumbling roar. Grandfather laughed and rattled again. The roar swelled. The other lions began to roar. One even jumped against the bars. Now the lion house seemed to be shaking to pieces, mushrooming into the air in a welter of noise and stink and lion faces. Jamie wished grandfather would stop, but dared not interfere.

In the midst of all this noise a keeper came running in and snatched grandfather's stick away and then took him by the arm. They went outside, and a long, long argument followed, in which both the keeper and grandfather appeared to be very angry.

"The man's an impudent fool," said grandfather when the keeper had gone, and ground his stick into the ground.

"Never mind," he said a moment or two later, giving one of his great laughs. "We stood up to them all right, didn't we? We showed 'em we were brave Britons, grandson."

Jamie nodded vigorously. Suddenly he was glad he had been right in among all those roaring lions and had stood up to them so well. Mother never made going to the zoo like this. Grandfather towered over him like a friendly giant. One day he and grandfather would go hunting lions together.

"Have you shot many lions, Granddad?"

"Heaps and heaps."

They walked on together in the sunlight over lawns and past flower beds and presently found themselves walking in a quiet, forgotten part of the zoo. Suddenly Jamie pulled grandfather's hand sharply.

"There!" he said, "there! What did I say? I *said* it was. I *said* it was." Not twenty yards away from them, standing on the grass, out of its cage, was a lion.

Grandfather gave a grunt and Jamie felt his hand stiffen.

"I *knew* I was right," said Jamie. "I *knew* I didn't just dream it."

"Never heard of such a thing in my life," said grandfather. "Now you're showing *me* things."

IT was a very old lion, so old he seemed almost dead. His mane had turned a greyish white, his eyes were scarcely open, his head drooped, as if all he wanted to do was to lie down on the grass and rest. A keeper was with him and the lion wore round his neck an immense leather collar almost a foot wide, and attached to the collar was a big chain with strong steel links.

Neither Jamie, with his ears still full of the roaring in the lion house, nor grandfather, with his fading eyes, and his head full of vivid yet jumbled memories, saw clearly how old and tottering this aged lion was. Jamie caught grandfather's hand tightly. They stood staring for some minutes and then went away.

"Suppose," said Jamie in a tense voice as he was walking home, "suppose you met a wild lion out in the jungle, and you hadn't got your gun, what would you do?"

"H'm," said grandfather, thinking.

"Would you run away?"

"No. It wouldn't be any good. He'd catch you in a couple of jumps."

"Would you strangle him, like you did that big dog?"

"I'd try."

"You *could*, couldn't you?"

"Well, there's some chap in the old Assyrian carvings shown strangling a lion; or was it Hercules or Samson? I can't remember."

"You *could*, Grandfather," said Jamie. "So could I, when I grow up."

"I'll have to stop a moment," said grandfather. "I feel dizzy."

He leaned sideways against a wall and breathed heavily. A second stroke will finish me off, he thought. Or make me bedridden. His body was a huge dead weight of weariness, and he was dying inside it. Comic. He could have laughed.

"What's dizzy?" asked Jamie.

"I just feel funny from time to time, Jamie. Since I was ill. I'm better now. Would you like an ice somewhere?"

The local club was certainly less frequented than the West End club to which grandfather was accustomed. He would come in at half past eleven and find not a soul about; not a damn' soul. In their emptiness the black leather armchairs made the whole room look funereal. It was only recently that the club had installed a bar, and this had been put across the dark end of the smaller smoking-room. A few members would gather here before lunch, standing, as it seemed to grandfather, in a semi-gloom.

On this particular day, however, a few more people than usual were talking. The place was almost bucking up. Grandfather stood near the bar, his face red, his hair white, his hand cupped to his ear. At the other end of the bar stood Peter Merrion holding forth as usual about local affairs. There was a tendency to form two groups, one round Lord Merrion, and the other round grandfather, who was telling hunting stories.

"Have you shot lions yourself, sir?" a voice said.

"Oh, hundreds and hundreds," said grandfather. He saw the young man who was questioning him look politely puzzled. What a stupid lot they all were. "Don't take me literally," said grandfather. "I mean I've done a good deal of big-game hunting. I've shot a few lions in my time. Exciting work."

Now the conversation drifted right away from him. Grandfather fell silent. He looked round and saw eyes; yellow lion's eyes looking at him through the ten-foot tall elephant grass; a lion suddenly staring at him only fifteen yards away, with a monstrous brown mane all round its face. God—that lion had scared him. But he had kept his head: raised his rifle slowly and coolly, and killed. What would that bleating ass Peter Merrion have done? Argued with it probably, and been killed.

Grandfather laughed aloud, and went on talking. "Yes," he said. "You've got to be quick if you don't want to be eaten. And man against lion, without weapons, interests me, too. There is a man on an Assyrian carving strangling a lion. I've often wanted to try it."

"Nonsense."

For a moment grandfather was angry. Who had said that? Only the old judge was allowed to say "nonsense" to him. But he went on talking. He told them how he had strangled an Alsatian. He told them about his friend who had been attacked by a half-grown lion cub. He had shoved his fist right down the brute's throat and choked it. He made a good story of it; but as he told it he could not for the life of him remember whether he had read it in a book, or been given an eye-witness account of it, or seen it with his own eyes. As he finished the story he saw that the whole bunch of them had drifted away. He was dizzy again.

A great confusion of years and memories was drowning him, and his bones ached in their sockets with weariness. For some time he leaned against the bar and drank alone.

When he went into the dining-room it was deserted. A miserable specimen of a head waiter told him they had stopped serving lunches. What a place! He went back to his rooms and shouted to his landlady that he was starving.

Later on in the evening he had a scene with her.

"It's no good, Mr. Wantage," he found she was saying to him. "I can't manage any longer with this sort of treatment, and you expecting meals at any odd moments."

"What are you talking about?" said grandfather. "I pay you well enough, don't I? I shall have my meals when I want them."

Mrs. Halesworth drew a deep breath and controlled herself before replying. "I told your daughter I was willing enough to have you. But I can't be treated like this. You'll have to go and live with her, where you can be properly looked after."

"I'm not going to live with her," said grandfather. "I don't want to be looked after. All you people are alike nowadays. So damn' bone lazy you think the whole world's going to be run your way. What you want is a kick on the backside."

Having said this he roared with laughter. Mrs. Halesworth slammed the door. Grandfather sat on in his chair. He vaguely wondered what time it was, and how long he had been asleep. He had no clear idea of what he had been saying. He wanted a cup of strong tea. Ten minutes later he rang the bell. No one came, so he went and bellowed over the banisters.

THE next week Jamie took grandfather's hand, and once more they set off for the zoo. Grandfather seemed to be in a hurry, although he could not walk very well. Now the day was cold and windy for summer.

"Sorry, old man," grandfather gasped. "Have to stop a moment." He leaned against the wall, and on the wind the rumbling voices of the lions came to them. Jamie remembered the immense roaring in the lion house. His heart beat and he thought of hunting lions among the long grass with grandfather.

"Have you shot lots of lions?" said Jamie.

"Hundreds and hundreds," said grandfather. "Right and left like pheasants. I can strangle them, too."

Jamie, he knew, saw it quite clearly. And there were a lot of old fools at the club who knew nothing about lions. And Mrs. Halesworth was an old fool, too. But grandfather and Jamie would show them there was life in the old dog yet.

"Make the lions roar again," said Jamie, as they walked round the zoo.

"No," said grandfather. "I've got a secret plan."

A secret plan, thought Jamie. Then they were going to hunt lions. "Tell me what I'll have to do," he said.

Grandfather nodded. They walked all round the zoo in silence, and presently they came once again to the deserted corner of the gardens, and to the old decrepit lion who was allowed out of his cage with a keeper. There he was, lying on his side asleep. This time the keeper was not even holding him, but the chain had been fastened to an iron seat which was planted firmly in the ground and the keeper was some yards away, doing something to a flower-bed.

"Now, Jamie," grandfather said suddenly. "You can have an ice. There's sixpence: go and get one from the café near the gate."

Jamie ran off.

Lions. Lions. A pride of lions growling round a killed buck. Lions' faces. Lions' yellow eyes. Hunting scenes flickered, burned, died away in grandfather's mind. Those men in his club were fools. Peter Merrion was the worst. What were they all doing out here in the tall grass? They'd better keep away. Something must be done.

Nobody can ever tell what was in grandfather's mind. Nobody saw him stalk the old lion while the keeper's back was turned, or make his convulsive, shambling run towards it.

A FEARFUL noise of howling and roaring suddenly arose. When the keeper turned he saw the old man struggling on the ground with the lion. Old as it was, almost toothless, with blunted and clipped claws, it still had the instinct to maul. The keeper saw the lion and the old man rolling over and over; now the lion lay on top.

It appeared now that the lion had seized one of the old man's arms; that the arm was plunged right down the lion's throat. The keeper seized and dragged uselessly at the chain, calling for help. Guttural sobbings and intermittent stifled roars came from the struggling pair. The peacocks screamed. The noise spread to other cages. Screeching, chattering, roaring sprang up, as if all the animals understood that a strange terrific battle was taking place.

When Jamie came back he dropped the ice-cream on the ground. He saw that grandfather was fighting with a lion. He could see blood, lots of blood. But grandfather had never told him what to do. He started forward to help, but someone caught him, held him back. Then all was confusion and shouting, and other people crowding round. He was unable to see. And now the fearsome fight was over. There lay the lion in the grass.

What must he do now? Go home? Nobody told him.

After a long time another keeper spoke to him, and asked him if he had come in with the old man. Then Jamie was led up to grandfather, who now lay on the ground, partly propped up, with rugs and coats over him. Jamie could still see where the blood had soaked through.

"I would have helped," he said. "You never told me what to do."

Grandfather smiled at him and whispered: "Of course you would have helped."

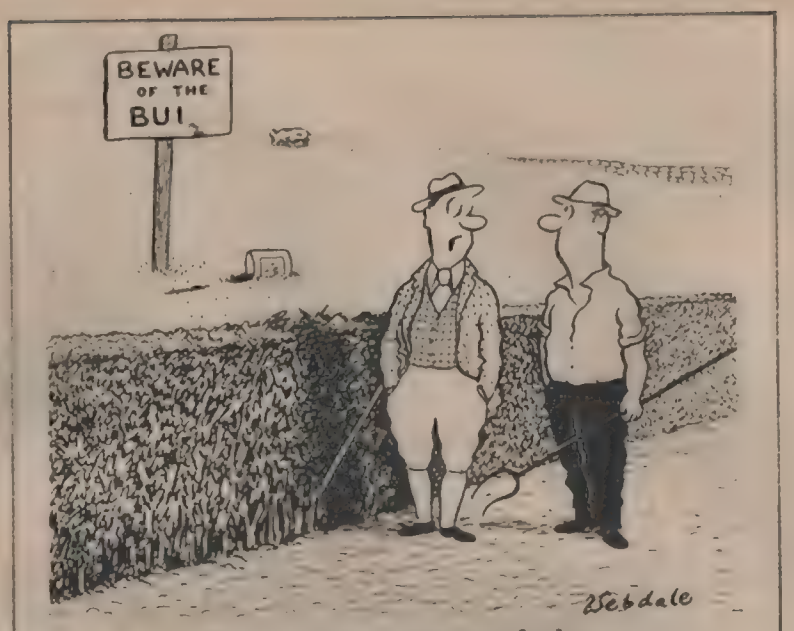
"Did you kill him, Grandfather?"

Grandfather winked; but he looked terribly pale, and seemed too tired to speak. Then he said, very slowly, and still in a husky whisper: "Better not tell your mother about this, Jamie. Women—don't—understand."

"All right," said Jamie.

"Good boy."

These were the last words that Jamie or anyone else heard grandfather speak. In a few hours the old man was dead. But the lion died first. THE END



"That last sign painter got farther with it than the other six did"

MY LIFE OF FIDDLING AND FOOLING

Continued from page 15

New Malden, Surrey. I arrived rather late, without breakfast, and popped into the bar to ask the steward for a sherry and egg. He brought it along and I was just going to knock it back when I noticed an old gentleman coming over. "Pardon me, sir, would you have a drink with me?" he asked. I said: "No, thank you. It's quite all right." But he insisted. Well, I thought, this is a very hospitable club, so I said: "Thank you very much."

As I was drinking it, he said: "Now, tell me, how do you play the seventh hole?" I said: "What do you mean?" I was absolutely nonplussed by this. "Well," he said, "do you go for the ditch with your drive, or do you play short?" I usually went *in* the ditch, but I was not going to tell him that. So with a straight face I said: "No, I usually go for the ditch with my drive."

With a look of triumph on his face, he turned to his friends. "There you are, gentlemen, Lacey here always goes for the ditch."

Lacey! I said: "Pardon me," and went into the locker-room, where I rang the bell for the steward. "What's all this about?" I asked.

"Arthur Lacey and Alf Padgham are playing in an exhibition match here this morning," he explained, "and that old gentleman evidently thinks you are Mr. Lacey."

"Well, I feel rather embarrassed about this," I said. "After all, I accepted his drink. I don't want him to think I'm pulling his leg. Would you explain to him that I'm not Arthur Lacey."

Thought I Was Kidding

About three minutes later the door opened and in came this dear old gentleman. He said: "I'm terribly sorry, sir. I mistook you for Lacey. Very foolish of me, but you are rather like him, you know. By the way, what is your name, then?"

I said: "Ted Ray." The old man looked at me, and then said: "Ted Ray? Who do you think you are? Trying to kid me? Ted Ray? He's twice as big as you are and he's old enough to be your father."

The first time I ever saw those two words—"Ted Ray"—in print was outside the Hippodrome, Aldershot. It was a happy week for me. I knew that on Friday I should get £15, and there was my name printed alongside those of Jimmy James and Rose Lloyd, sister of the famous Marie—although, to be sure, the type was quite a bit smaller.

What pleased me most was the feeling that my new act was to the customers' liking and that the ovation I had received at Shoreditch was not just some queer fluke. I had my own dressing-room (although it was up countless stairs near the roof) and for the first time I really felt that I was a pro in my own right. "This is it!" I told myself after every performance as I heard the applause dying away and started to climb back up towards the roof.

I soon learned what the life of an itinerant comedian was like. There are the theatrical boarding houses; the unsettled, nomadic existence; the open-heartedness of other artists; the quiet, cold, hushed theatre on Monday morning and the hot, applauding, live theatre on Saturday night.

Pulled A Fast One

And there are the Sunday train journeys, with interminable waits between trains. I remember my first train call. We arrived at Sheffield and the principal comedian of the show I was with looked at his watch and said: "Just time for a quick one. Who can run fast?"

I was very green at the time and said: "I can."

"Good," he said. "Just run to the bar and order six half-pints of beer." He turned to the others. "Watch this boy run, I bet he's very quick." So off I scooted and ordered them their beer, which they drank. The comedian looked at his watch again, and shouted: "Come on, back to the train." The fast runner—me—had to stay and settle up. I made sure I did not run so fast after that.

After a few months round the English halls, George Barclay asked me: "How would you like to go to South Africa? They've offered you a contract at £25 a week. Lovely sunshine out there—you'll miss the English winter." It seemed good to me, and the only blemish on the picture was mother's anxiety. Africa must have sounded a long, long way to her. She wondered, no doubt, if I had inherited Dad's roving disposition and whether I would really be back, as I promised, in a couple of months or so.

We had a quiet supper together and then walked arm in arm to Lime Street Station. Farewells are said every day, and there would have been nothing exceptional about this one but for an old salt who was something more than merry. He was on his way to rejoin his ship and he caught sight of my fiddle-case. He walked over to where mother and I were standing. "Come on, son," he said, "play my favourite. Give us 'Two Eyes of Grey.'"

Tears In My Eyes

To my surprise, everybody else on the platform seemed just as enthusiastic. I suddenly found myself surrounded by a dozen or more passengers. They good-humouredly hoisted me on top of a pile of luggage. I took out my violin and there I sat in the shadowy cavern of the great terminus, playing "Two Eyes Of Grey" and some other classics of sentiment, while the engines puffed an accompaniment in the background. As the crowd joined in the familiar melodies, I saw my mother looking up at me. I don't mind admitting that my own eyes filled with tears.

Next day I was on board *Armadale Castle* at Southampton. I would like to say that I enjoyed every minute of my first tour abroad. But the truth is that I had no companions on the trip and sometimes I felt desperately alone. The only other artists on board were a French double act, Christiane and Duroy. They spoke no English and I had forgotten what little textbook French I had ever picked up at school. We smiled encouragingly at one another—and that was the best we could do.

The talking-film was still a novelty in South Africa in 1930. In fact, the principal cinemas had only just been wired for sound and the screen hit of the moment was *The King Of Jazz*. The South African managements were quick to take a leaf out of the book of exhibitors at home and the policy was to employ variety artists to perform at intervals throughout the show. The elegant title for this wedding of the two forms of entertainment was "Bio-Vaudeville."

The only snag about it from my point of view was that in most cases only one act appeared on the bill during the same week. This meant that I had to travel up and down the

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Think first

WE are often told to have an "aim" in life. So we should: but to be effective, we should think out what the realization of that aim is going to involve.

There's never any sense in rushing into action without thinking what we are doing. Wise action, which means wise living, means knowing *why* we decide on a certain course, and *how* we are going to achieve our ends.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

country by myself, and this sometimes bored me to distraction. There was hardly anything to do during the daytime and I got thoroughly homesick.

I was thankful when I got on the train for Johannesburg. There was a man at the station waiting to meet me, from an hotel. He said: "I've got something to show you, Mr. Ray—something that'll make you feel very happy." He took me along to this hotel, opened the dining-room door. And there, sitting at breakfast, was a bunch of pros. I knew them all from England. Oh, was I pleased? When they left and I was asked to go on a second tour of the interior, I did not care so much. Somehow, I no longer felt lonely.

Belt Full Of Gold

I was still boy enough to enjoy one aspect of my trip—we were invariably paid in golden sovereigns. Joyfully, I brought out a leather belt which my father had given me, and wore it round my waist stowed with my pay. It delighted me as the weeks went by to feel it getting heavier and heavier. I felt a real big shot as I swaggered around the town, and I sometimes wonder if the ever-increasing weight of that wonderful belt of mine was not the reason why, even today, I am still slightly bow-legged!

I got off a train between Johannesburg and Capetown to stretch my legs. It was very hot, and I was wearing only my pyjamas and dressing-gown. I went for a short stroll, but before I knew it, the train had gone, leaving me stranded. My clothes, baggage and violin disappeared into the distance, but at least I had my gold round my waist. I had to wait eight hours until the next train came, and my entry into Capetown was very spectacular. I was still in my pyjamas, and a crowd of gaping onlookers followed me with astonishment as I hailed a cab to take me to my hotel.

By the time I sailed home, I had ten pounds weight of gold round my tummy. While most of the people on the boat gave their money to the purser for safe keeping, I was not taking any chances and kept it on me. Then, one stormy night, I woke up in a sweat as I imagined what would happen if the ship sank. I would have gone down like a stone, sunk by my own money.

I was as proud as Punch when I opened the door of our little house in Liverpool. Without saying a word I took off my famous belt, held it up before my mother's eyes and then showered a cascade of gold coins on to the table.

Mother was a woman of few words, but I believed her when she was shocked into saying: "Why Charlie, you gave me quite a turn!"

The rest of the money I continued to carry around with me until the novelty at last began to pall. I must put it into the bank, I told myself. With a lordly air I marched up to the counter and deposited my fortune into what I hoped would be safe keeping. Three weeks later Britain went off the gold standard—a policy which cost me £75 in the twinkling of a Chancellor's eye.

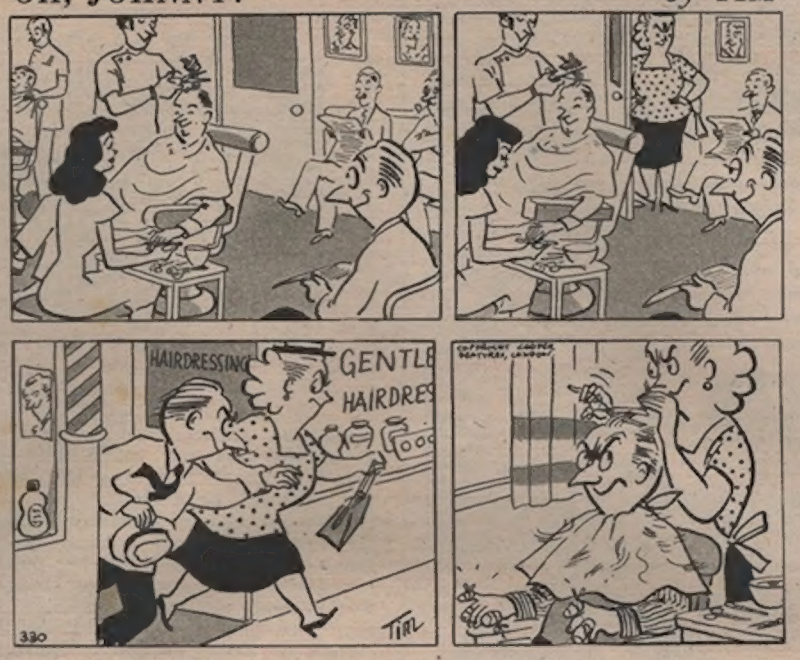
On The Way Up

For a while my story followed a course familiar to all young theatricals. There were disappointments, there were moments of elation—and any amount of fun. Sometimes I paused to wonder, as I heard the ovation that would be given to Harry Tate or Gertie Gitana, whether, in the fullness of time, the name of Ted Ray would creep up from its usually quite humble place on the bill to the top. But in the main, I had still not grown up so much as to be unable to enjoy the thrill of satisfaction at being a variety performer who always knew that he was going to be paid, and paid quite handsomely, every Friday night.

Then, suddenly, two important things happened that changed my life: I made my first bow on the stage of the London Palladium, and I met the girl who was to be my wife.

NEXT WEEK: Ted goes courting with the girl from "The Saucy Nineties"

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



THE FARMER WANTS A BRIDE

Continued from page 17

when their virility is in question. He was hitching at his belt. There was a fire in his eye. "Come on, now!" he was saying. "Come on out now! Drag down your boats into the light of the moon and we'll launch them and I'll take on the two of ye!"

"Ah, look now," Kineally was saying, becoming a little afraid that things might get hot, "cool off, men. There's tomorrow. Tomorrow is a holy day. Settle it tomorrow."

"I'll take them on tonight or tomorrow or any day in the year," Donagh was shouting. "There wasn't a Conneely born that I couldn't beat blindfolded on the sea or the shore."

Colm must have been a little drunk, too. "Don't be an old fool, Donagh!" he shouted.

DONAGH calmed down and turned slowly to face him. "All right," he said. "Mister Colm tells me to calm down. I'm calm now, men. We'll make this fit. Here you have me, an old man. There you have two young men whose mouths are stronger than their hearts. We'll launch two currachs tomorrow after last Mass and we'll have a trial of strength across the bay. Them in one boat. Me in the other, and Colm here coming with me to balance it. He knows nothin' about boats, ye know. He doesn't approve of boats, ye know. So he can just sit on his tail coat and flip an oar, if there is that much good in him. And I'll still beat ye. Hear that now! Well, Mister Colm? What do you say to that, now?"

Colm should have gone home. He realized that later. But the old man had him mad, too. "Maybe I can row a boat better than any man here," he said. "Maybe I can, now. Maybe I can show some of ye heroes that a farmer is a better man in a boat than any two of ye!"

What has come over me? he thought. The things I despise—the two Bs, boasting and boats. And here I am in the middle of them, all because an old man looks at me with scorn and derision and taunting in his eyes. I don't like him. This has nothing to do with his daughter. This is just something between him and me.

Colm and Donagh stood up straight and glared at each other, and Colm put down his glass and walked out of the place without a word. He heard laughter following him into the night.

After last Mass on Sunday in the village, there were hundreds of people gathered on the two necks of land which embraced the sea on either side of the strand. The whole place was shaped like a crescent. Six miles of rough sea separated the two arms. The sun was cold-looking, and there was a good breeze travelling from the direction of America. You would swear that the sea was clapping its hands because somebody had told it there were four fools who might otherwise have remained out of its grip at this time of the year. The tips of the arms were rocky promontories, like two spearpoints of tested metal which dug into the waves and broke them up.

The promontories were festooned with people. There was colour there—all the lassies in their Sunday clothes and the old women in red petticoats and checked aprons and plaid kerchiefs. The sun gleamed off the handlebars of bicycles lying in the fields. The people were chattering and laughing loudly and laying bets on the event.

Colm went through agonies of embarrassment as he made his way down to the south point. People made way for him and pointed him out. He felt cold in his stomach. He had given up wondering what had possessed him the night before, and he had come down here hoping that it was only a drunken dare and that he could go home and forget all about it. The sight of all the people disillusioned him. The sight of Donagh sitting nonchalantly on the edge of his upside-down currach convinced him. He went up to him.

"H'm," said Donagh. "I was wondering if you'd turn up."

Colm didn't answer him. He just stood there and narrowed his eyes against the glare of the sea. He didn't turn round where the people were crowding. What would Sorcha think of him? "Where are the Conneelys?" he asked hopefully, hoping that they might have died in the night of convulsions.

"Here they are now," said Donagh, nodding his head.

The Conneelys came down towards the narrow quay, carrying their currach on their shoulders. Their heads were hidden under it, so that you saw only their legs walking. It looked funny. People addressed remarks to them as they arrived, and their voices and laughter boomed from inside the boat. They reached the quay and lifted the boat from their shoulders.

"Hah, so ye're here," said James. "I thought ye might have run out of the country for shame."

His brother was grinning, too. "It might have been better for them to have run away," he said. "Won't they be the laughin'-stock of the whole of Connemara in about four hours?"

"I wouldn't waste me breath on ye," declared Donagh, rising, "and when Pat Kineally gets here to start us off, I'm goin' to be sorry for the pair of ye."

Then there was Sorcha, her hair wild in the wind, catching at Colm's arm. "Colm, what are you doing this for?" she asked, not caring whether Donagh heard her or not. "Don't you know he only wants to make a joke of you? He doesn't care about the old race. He cares about you. He'll always say, 'If only I hadn't that fool of a farmer in the boat.' That's what he'll say. Don't heed them now, Colm. Walk away from this with me, and if you like I'll never set a foot again in my father's house."

Colm sensed Donagh's silence and the anger of Sorcha. Who'd have believed it of Sorcha? Well, what am I waiting for? he thought. Nothing, except the something primitive that's in all of us. "They have laughed at me before, Sorcha," he said, "and please God they'll laugh at me again. But this is different. This is something else. I'm goin' out on that sea if it's the end of me."

"If you're comin'," said the voice of Donagh, "let you be launching the boat with me. If you don't want to come, I'll take Sorcha."

"I'm off now, Sorcha," said Colm, turning away from her.

HE gave them all a big laugh then. He carefully removed his navy-blue coat and folded it and laid it on a rock. He was wearing a collar and tie, and he removed these, too. The two Conneelys were already in their boat on the water, holding on to the side of the pier with their thick hands. They were unshaved and had jerseys on them, with the white bainin coats over them. They looked so different from Colm in his white shirt and his trousers with the lovely crease, that people started giggling.

They launched the boat. Colm looked at the running sea and felt the lightness of the currach that was nothing but tarred canvas stretched over thin laths, and he didn't feel very well. All right. He tightened his jaw muscles. The currach was leaping around like a cork on the water. Donagh lowered himself into it, and it steadied a bit. Colm sat in the seat behind him. The Conneelys were laying off from the pier now, riding the rough sea with seemingly effortless ease, flipping the tops of the waves with the heavy oars.

Pat Kineally was shouting, his hands around his mouth, "Get off in a line out beyont, and let ye be ready to go on a shout."

Donagh tugged the water with his oars, and they flew away from the pier. Colm tried to match Donagh's stroke with his own, but missed the wave and locked his right oar under Donagh's. The boat slued around and headed back for the pier. He reddened at the remarks from the shore. "Let them trail," said Donagh, not sharply. "Watch my back and don't be watching me oars. When I lean, you lean; when I pull, you pull." He turned the boat again. Colm held the oars free of the waves and watched the rhythm of the back in front of him. Then he took it up. After all, he had been in boats before. It was just that this whole thing was upsetting.

THEY lined up beside the Conneelys, who were spitting on each hand as they freed it from the oars. They were grinning—not talking, just grinning. They shouldn't have been, because Donagh was watching the shore and saw the raised hand of Pat Kineally and saw it fall. Kineally's shout was whipped away by the wind and came late, so that, before they received it, cute old Donagh was four boat lengths away and getting into his stride.

It's not too bad, Colm thought. It's a chip-chop movement. You don't dig the oars; you chip them in and chop them out of the waves. The water was green and was breaking into white at its tops. It was also very wet. They were running parallel to the waves, so that they were up and down, up and down, and sometimes the waves broke into the boat and Colm felt the seawater soaking through his lovely blue trousers with the tailor's crease still in them that would soon be gone for ever.

He shortly began to feel the strain on the tendons of his left arm. The waves were hitting the bow of the boat and were driving it in, and this had to be countered by stronger pulling on the left oars. It didn't matter for

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"Get away from the hose. Daddy's going to turn the water on"

some time. He tightened his big hands about the oars and pulled hard—in, out, chip, chop. I could do this before my breakfast, he thought.

He could see over Donagh's shoulder the Conneelys' boat coming behind them. They seemed to be pulling effortlessly. The two bodies acted as if they were on the one string. He could see muscles bulging under the clothes of Donagh's back. Donagh's neck was burned almost black from his years of sun. It was wrinkled and the tendons stood out on it. He's a good man in a boat, was Colm's thought. Colm tugged away joyously. They began to increase their lead. "Take it aisy, take it aisy," he heard the voice of Donagh then. "Save a bit for the road home. Remember that."

Colm sobered. Six miles across and six miles back. That made twelve miles. Would they do three miles an hour? Say four hours. Could I keep this up for four hours? Why not? I'll show them!

It was a long time later and all the people were shouting as they approached the other neck. They were still in the same positions. The Conneely boat was almost four boat-lengths behind them, but now Colm could only see them through waves of pain.

"Pull your right now! Your right now!" he heard Donagh shouting, and he automatically put pressure on his right oar. It was almost a pleasure, because his left arm seemed to be numb. The cross waves caught them on the turn, and water poured into the boat. Colm could feel it soaking into his body from the waist down.

He saw the people on the neck standing up, waving and shouting, but he couldn't see their faces for the mist that was in front of his eyes. He thought his eyes were wanting to burst out of their sockets. He heard Donagh's voice again. "Pull with your right and bail with your left. Bail with your left, hear."

Colm let his left oar trail and fumbled behind him until his fingers found the tin can. It was rusty. He started to scoop out the water that was up as far as their shins. It was a relief to stretch the fingers of his hand any way than about the oar. His hands had been blistered before from the grip of a spade or a slane or a scythe or the handles of a plough, but never as painfully as this. When blood blisters rose and burst in your palm, and when the water blister replaced the blood, you felt an intolerable agony that seemed to knife its way all through your body.

"Take it up now, take it up," said the voice of Donagh.

Colm took a pull again on his right oar. His arms seemed to have been pulled from their sockets now and to be lying loosely, held there only by the skin. There was a band of something about his chest that was pressing his lungs, so that the breath came rasping from between his lips. He had to breathe often. He didn't seem able to get enough air at all. The whole world was green, enveloping him. It was a green world on which he rose and fell, rose and fell, and little people had tied ropes around all his limbs and were dragging him apart.

He heard Donagh saying strange things. "Will we stop, Colm?" he was asking. "It wasn't a just thing to do. Let us stop now, Colm, in the name of God, and there will be shame from none for us."

Colm got some words out. "You didn't call me Mister Colm," he said.

"You're a good man, Colm," he heard Donagh say then, "and I'm an old fool."

Colm's breath was rasping from his chest. "Donagh," he said, "can I have your daughter Sorcha?"

"Colm," said Donagh, "if I had ten daughters, you could have the ten of them, but let us ease up now. It was a terrible thing I have done, and if you go on and we have to row in to the shore and you a corpse, what will my daughter Sorcha say to me?"

"Donagh," said Colm, "whereabouts are your men, the Conneelys?"

"They are five minutes or more ahead of us, Colm," said Donagh, "and if God above was with me in this currach now, there's not a thing even He could do about it."

"Donagh," said Colm, "let us row like fair hell and catch up the Conneelys."

He heard Donagh laughing. "By God, we'll try, Colm," Donagh said, "and win, lose or draw, I'd fight the whole of Ireland for you, and the wedding of my daughter Sorcha will be the greatest event that ever happened in the province of Connacht."

The people on the shore saw a strange sight. Out there on the galloping waves, two black currachs were bobbing about, like corks with matchsticks sticking out of them. One was far ahead of the other, and in the following boat for some time the second rower seemed to be bent double over his oars, patting at the waves as if he was playing with them, and then the man seemed to straighten and the second boat seemed to put on speed and seemed to be slowly and surely catching up the boat ahead. The people from the far neck had raced across, so that a great crowd was stretching and leaning and shouting.

And when it was all over there wasn't a man with an opinion you could trust to say who had won.

"It was the Conneelys, I tell ye!"

"It was not! Didn't I see with me own eyes that Donagh's boat was the width of two oar blades ahead of them?" "It was just an old man and a dungboy that never saw a boat in his life, and they whipped the divil out of the Conneelys."

Whatever happened after, that day the four men were welcomed at the pier like real heroes and they were hoisted up on shoulders and carried in triumph up to Pat's place. They got four free pints, which was a record for Pat, and Colm was clapped on the back as if he was a real fisherman, and when he got out of there he headed for Sorcha's place, and she was halfway to meet him on the road. They crossed a field to where Colm had his haystack tied up for the winter and he kissed her there, and then he fainted clear away and it took her five solid minutes of kissing him and loosening his shirt front and fanning him before he opened his eyes to the darkening sky.

He rubbed the worry from her forehead with his bruised fingers. "I'm sorry, Sorcha," he said. "But, listen, your old fella is a great man."

"That's odd," said Sorcha, who was crying. "That's the very thing he is shouting about you." THE END

SYDNEY ALLARD WINS IN HIS HAND-MADE CARS

Continued from page 12

grabbed him and chaired his fifteen-stone bulk round the works, chanting: "For he's a jolly good fellow."

His private office is still the former drawing-room of a house in Clapham High Street. Improvisation and adaptation is part of Allard's technique. Nearly all the components he uses are standard products of a number of makers.

"We put the pieces together," he explains, "and when we know the car works we take it apart again for the journey through the paint shop. Then it is reassembled. In this way we get individually produced cars at a fraction of what they would cost if each part were specially made."

Ten Cars A Week

With a weekly production of only eight to ten cars, and a range of four models, any customer's special requirements can easily be met. Each chassis is built so that several makes of engine can be fitted. The effect of this system is that, where many "quality" cars are mysteries to garage hands, Allards can be handled by anyone familiar with mass-produced components.

This blend of exclusiveness and standardization is the result of careful planning. Typical of Allard's concentration on detail was the elaborate preparation he made for the Monte Carlo Rally. With his wife, who was to drive another Allard, he went over every mile of the course weeks before the event, studying timing, speeds and distances, and working out a schedule to determine where and for how long each driver should take control.

The secret, he discovered, was never to drive until fatigued. "In the early stages we could drive for fairly long spells. We went through from Oxford to Folkestone without a change. But later, when we were running to a tight schedule along ice-covered roads, two hours were quite enough."

Wife Had A Crash

It was on one of these icy stretches that he found that his wife had come to grief. He merely waved and passed on. "Some people criticized me for that," he grins, "but we had arranged that if either of us were stuck—but not physically hurt—the other would go on, as there was no sense in both sacrificing our chance."

For hundreds of miles the roads were snowbound, so that there was only a narrow track cut through for vehicles; passing a slower competitor was dangerous. "We had to get by on the bends, where the track was a little wider. We couldn't afford to worry about what might be coming the other way."

Allard's strict discipline got its reward when he arrived at Monte Carlo without losing a mark. He immediately went out to practise for the final test, a mountain reliability trial.

The test was due to begin at eight o'clock in the morning. Sydney was out practising over the circuit until 1.30 a.m. "Then I went to bed, knowing my plans were nearly foolproof. During the night it snowed—for the first time in ten years. All the landmarks I had memorized were blotted out. I just had to go out and hope for the best."

During the test he skidded off the road, damaging the car. As he crossed the finishing line, winner by four marks, one of his front wheels was wobbling so badly that many of the spectators thought it would fall off.

Apart from the business prestige such successes bring, Allard regards events like the Monte Carlo Rally as "good fun." But the man who has won so many of the top awards admits that his favourite pastime now is to "get in the car and go off for a quiet leisurely tootle round, without having to worry about speeds or schedules." THE END

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

The photograph on page 24 is of Countess Mountbatten as a child.

WHO'S NEXT FOR A £1,000 TOURNAMENT PRIZE?

POPCORNS . . . then £1,000!

"THE *last* prize I won was a bag of popcorns at school," said Mrs. M. C. Hobson, 31 Chatham Street, Bradford, Manchester, when in March she became the first woman reader to win a *Bullets* Tournament. "Now—fancy making £1,000 for writing a few simple words!"

This Manchester housewife progressed from prize popcorns to £1,000 cash by turning an idea into this appealing First Prize comment on our young Queen's burdens: PERFECT LITTLE GENTLEMAN — HELPING MUMMY "CARRY" CROWN.

"OH, I'd never be any good at *Bullets*!" you may say. But have you ever really *tried*? Have you ever settled down to enjoy a half-hour on turning your thoughts into *Bullets*?

Mrs. Hobson, winner of the last £1,000 for a few words, has shown you the way, and a coupon which can win you £1,000 cash is waiting below. Get busy on your *Bullets* and *you* can be the next to know the blessings of a four-figure fortune!

£1,000 MUST BE WON OUTRIGHT for 2, 3 or 4 WORDS in "JOHN BULL'S" AUGUST TOURNAMENT

The most meritorious of the First Prize *Bullets* in Contests 1,846, 1,847, 1,848, 1,849 and 1,850 will bring its sender £1,000 CASH—a £500 First Prize plus £500 Tournament Award.

£500 FIRST PRIZE

£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 50 "Bullets" Seasons value 10s. 1,500 "GOOD SHOT" AWARDS

"3-DINNER" BONUSES

Whole Roast Chicken, Ham and Tongue (all tinned) accompany each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

HOW TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

Plodder John
Fear Of The Future
Wicked Waste
Flower Of Youth
Germs
How To Be Happy
Gift From The Gods
It's Monday Morning, So
Messing About
The Cat
Talking Big
To Quell The Uproar
Auntie Paddled And
Having Nothing To Do
In The Refrigerator
Dare-devil Dad
Seaside Souvenir
Bumps And Bruises
Tough Old Bird
Running Round In Circles

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions above

Saved A Lot Of.....
All.....Together
By The Way She.....
Taught To.....
Full Of Strange.....
The Porter.....And

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,846 (or Xword 798) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"Bullets" Winners 1,841

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Riviera Holiday for Two: A. E. Harken, 102 Gordon Street, Scarborough:

For Queen And Country Work Like The *Duke*!

£50: J. B. McKee, 22 Windermere Gardens, Belfast: MADE A LOT OF HILLS—"TUMBLE DOWN," MY JILL.

£25: R. Cooper, 37 Railway Terrace, Pontardawe: GOLDEN MEMORY—"SELL" TOURIST *That* "SOUVENIR"!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: Mrs. B. J. Silcox, 23 Clyde Road, Redland, Bristol: CRUELTY TO CHILDREN—LEATHER BELTS—APRON-STRINGS! £9: J. Lord, 5 Moor Lane, Clitheroe: GOLDEN MEMORY—THIS "CHROMIUM AGE" LEAVING? £8: J. Drummond, 65 Sinclair Drive, Cowdenbeath: CRUELTY TO CHILDREN—THRUSTING INTO "DARKENED" *World*. £7: C. Nailen, 69 Red Row, Plean, Stirling: PERFECT WIFE—"DUSTS" MY "PEDESTAL," OCCASIONALLY. £6: C. B. Griggs, 20 Commonfield Road, Banstead: PUT UP WITH—FRIDAY'S SHUTTERS, SATURDAY'S PRICES! £5: A. Reeyes, 27 Heather Gardens, Romford: WITH AN AIR OF GUILT—BENCH FOUND GRANDPA *Innocent*! £5: Miss L. Mason, 86 Hartley Down, Purley: WITH AN AIR OF CASTING—"PEARLS," "LANDLADY SERVES TAPIOCA!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

50 Prizes of 10s. and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

FINE SUMMER PRIZES FOR XWORDS!

This Way To Win

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 798

1. Can end with disconcerting suddenness
2. Is rarely easy to find in our public parks
5. A selfish, greedy child is just the kind to make one
8. Ship's captain must naturally be a bit particular about these
9. Team struggling at foot of league will feel pleased at such a victory
13. Meeting of two old cronies may be accompanied by a jovial, hearty one
14. You can have too much of

Down Clues

1. Designed purely to protect
3. Compost is the better for being
4. May take a long time to get set
6. Big emporium doesn't employ
7. A toper likes his drink to be
10. There's something more than mere water in this
11. Dull, slow one may well be exasperating
12. Without this, disabled ex-Serviceman can't expect to be happy

£100 1st PRIZE CASH PLUS £25 SEASIDE HOLIDAY

(If prize shared, £25 Holiday Cash similarly divided)

AWARDS VALUE £25 amongst 1st Runners-up and up to

50 SURPRISE PARCELS containing 20 extras to help fill your larder—one Parcel with each Runner-up Award value 10s. or over.

Up to 500 "SIGNPOST" PRIZES — one for each 2nd Runner-up

XWORD 793 RESULT

WINNING WORDS: ACROSS: 1. Fare. 4. Bands. 5. Old. 6. Caw. 10. Wares. 12. Sight. 13. Dyes. 14. Force. DOWN: 1. Farrow. 2 Pain. 3. Bard. 7. Aches. 8. Lay. 9. Pity. 11. Side.

TWO £100 SHARERS (entries differing at one point only from Competitors' Answers above): E. Johnson, 33 Emmott Lane, Laneshaw Bridge, Colne; Mrs. E. Wilkins, 2 Wharf Lane, Rickmansworth, Herts. Winners also share £25 Holiday Cash.

For entries differing at two points only, 19 entrants share awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up. Each 1st Runner-up receives Surprise Parcel in addition. "Signpost" Prizes to 2nd Runners-up.

ANOTHER £1,000 OPPORTUNITY NEXT WEEK!

WIN £100 and HOLIDAY with this COUPON

In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated August 23.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

1 B	O	O		■	2	A	L	3 M	■	
A	W	L	■	4	■	5 G	R	A		
R	E	D	T	A	P	E	■		■	
	■	■	A	T	E	■	6 B	U	7 N	
■	8	O	G	S	■	9	A	R	E	
■	■	M	■	■	10	■	R	E	A	
11	■	I	S	L	E	■	■	■		
O	A	T	H	■	A	R	E	12 A		
U	G	■	O	M	■	13 G	R	I		
14 T	O		D	Y	■	798	■	■	■	

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(*Total fee shown includes entry on Square*)

Puzzle and form strictly copyright **798** Closing Postmark MON., AUG. 11

I enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. .....
B. ..... EXTRA TWO FOR 6d.
EX. .....
B.

Closing Postmark **1,846** Monday, AUG. 11

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Value.....

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Signed .....

Address .....

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FOR AUGUST TOURNAMENT OFFER, APPLY for this "BULLETIN" With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' *Bulletin* and *Gazette* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated August 23. Every issue contains extra *Bullets* winners to guide you to success.

P.O. 1s. No.....

FREE! New entrants, simply complete this label for free and post-free specimen *Bulletin*.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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659

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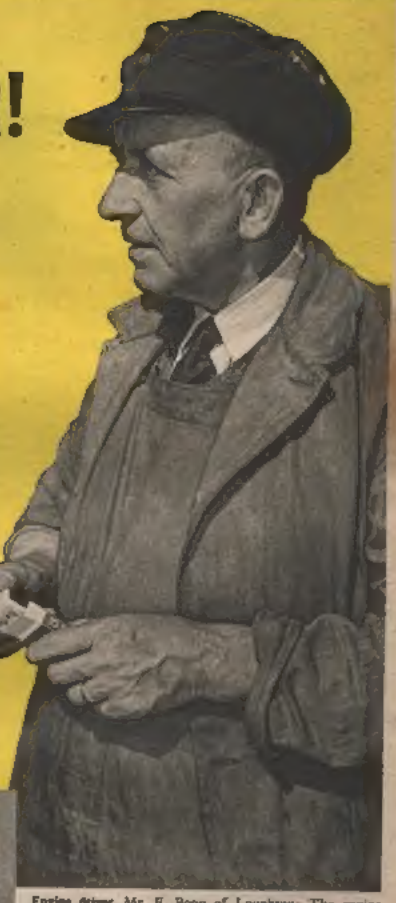
Still smoking? YES SIR!

THOUSANDS PROVE THEY CAN NOW AFFORD TO ENJOY A REALLY GOOD CIGARETTE . . .

Taxi driver, Mr. J. H. Cook of Loughborough Junction: After driving in busy old London it's a treat to ease up and enjoy a good smoke and I reckon Bar Ones *are* a good smoke. They're not too long, not too costly and they taste fine . . . what more do you want? Take my tip, smoke Bar One!

Carpenter, Mr. A. Withers of Holloway: 30 to 40 cigarettes a day is my average and I wouldn't like to cut down. So I smoke Bar Ones! At 2 8 for 20 I save nearly two bob a day.

Office girl, Miss N. Glandvill of Chingford: I always look forward to our mid-morning break for coffee — *and* a Bar One! Why always Bar Ones? First because I like the look of the gay red packet — then because I find them the right size at the right price . . . 10 for only 1/4!



Engine driver, Mr. E. Boon of Loughton: The engine doesn't do all the puffing in this outfit – there's me and the fireman puffing at Bar Ones as well! On a long trip we need a good smoke now and again, and believe us, Bar Ones are the best bar none!

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